TALES OF THE SEA

—

CORRESPONDENCE OF

WILLIAM PERRY BUCKNER

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THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA" AFTER THE ACTION.—From the Painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA."

Arkansas Democrat.

WEDNESDAY.....MAY 30, 1894.

WILLIAM PERRY BUCKNER.

Sketch of the First Midshipman Appointed from Arkansas,

Twenty-six Years Before the Mast—In Strange Countries and Among Strange People.

Tales of the sea before the invention of the modern ocean greyhounds, and especially tales in which an Arkansas boy is interested, are always interesting to the general reader, and often deal with occurrences more wonderful than the extremest fancies of fiction. In many an old iron-bound sea chest, stowed away in some dingy garret for generations, is a wealth of interesting story, surpassing the tales of the greatest authors of romances of the high seas, because they are true. One of these mines is what a DEMOCRAT reporter has stumbled upon, and in a series of articles is proposed to tell something of his

At 1410 Spring street Mrs. Priscilla Aylette Reardon resides with her dauphter, Mrs. Dr. J. A. Dibrell.

Mrs. Reardon is a pleasant old lady, born in May, 1821. Although she has passed the allotted four score years and ten she is is still hale and hearty, and good for many mere years. Her hair is white as snow, but the frosts of many decades which have thus silvered her hair has left her mind and her intellect as bright and unclouded as ever. She belongs to the good old school of our grandmothers, the curriculum of which tended more to real happiness than does our modern rushing, pushing, crowding existence.

A widow since the war, Mrs. Reardon has lived with her children ever since. She has many relics and mementoes of the past, among which are many curious articles collected from strange lands, and more prized than all else are some old letters which her brother wrote while at sea in 1844, and his logs kept on board the United States frigate Constitution.

William Perry Buckner, brother of Mrs. Reardon, was born in Louisville, September 21, 1823. His father, Simeon Buckner, was a noted steamboat captain. In 1837 Capt. Buckner received a commission from the government to remove the Florida Indians from Vicksburg to Fort Gibson. He took eight steamboats for their transportation, and finished the work in about a year, making a small fortune out of it. In the fall of 1837 he removed with his family to Little Rock, where they remained until 1839, when he went to Clarke county and purchased the Richwoods plantation, near Arkadelphia, one of the richest in the state. The son, William Perry, who had remained at school in Kentucky, came to Arkansas in 1838 and attended school at Spring Hill, Hempstead county, boarding with ex-Governor Garland's mother. He then went to Alexandria, Va., and while there attending the university was appointed to the navy from Arkansas, and served on the Marion, the Bainbridge, the Macedonian, the historic Constitution and other ships. He was the first midshipman ever appointed from Arkansas. For the greater part of twenty-six years he was before the mast, and often visited what at that time were strange and out of the way corners of the globe, where it would be impossible to communicate with home and friends for months at a time. Six years he spent on the coast of Africa, and several years among the East Indies. He was a faithful officer, and was acknowledged to be one of the very best navigators in the service. At one time when he was on a ship under Commodore Slaughter, a terrific gale was encountered off the coast of Liberia. A num-

ber of British ships were dismantled, and it seemed impossible for the American vessel to weather the storm. It was entrusted to Buckner, and by his skill he brought the ship safely into port, for which he received the plaudits of the officers. He shipped on the Constitution in 1844, and was with the fleet that bombarded Vera Cruz in the war with Mexico. At that port he assisted in the capture of a blockade runner, and secured as his share of the prize money about $3000.

On his return from a three years' cruise on the Constitution he entered the naval academy at Annapolis, which had been established during his absence, and passed a very creditable examination. At the time he was appointed there was no naval academy and instruction was given on board. He then went to Central America and under Commodore French helped to squelch the incipient revolution in Paraguay and Uruguay. Returning to the United States he accepted the position of assistant professor of mathematics, as he was very proficient in that branch of learning. At the breaking out of the civil war he remained in the federal navy, and was stationed in the ordnance department of the Brooklyn navy yard. All communications were cut off and for years his loving sister heard nothing of him, and she did not know how fortune was favoring him. He went through the war with honor, and in 1866, after twenty-six years' active service in the navy of the United States, was placed upon the retired list.

He visited his Little Rock friends in the summer of 1869, as he often did when returned from a long cruise. July 10, one month after his visit to Little Rock, he died and was buried in the Brooklyn navy yard, beloved by comrades and esteemed by officers. He left a wife and three children. The wife died soon after and one of the sons, William, is still living. During his long life before the mast he had never been sick except with a slight attack of African fever on the Guinea coast and of the yellow fever at Pensacola in 1849.

This is a brief outline of the life of an Arkansas boy, correct as to detail, but only approximate as to dates, Mrs. Reardon being unable to remember dates so well as incidents. Her brother was kind-hearted and benevolent. His sailor's heart was touched by the sight of an unfortunate brother man, and as long as there was provision in the locker, he was always ready to divide to the last crumb. Hereafter we expect to give extracts from his correspondence and his log book, scenes of peace and war, and descriptions of strange people and countries, stories that have never been published and that are of intense interest.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence and Leaves from the Log Book of an Arkansas Midshipman.

Around the World on Board the Historic Constitution—Interesting Letter from the South Seas.

ON BOARD THE CONSTITUTION.

March 26, 1844, William Perry Buckner, a sketch of whose life was given in THE DEMOCRAT May 30, shipped on the historic Constitution, familiarly known as Old Ironsides, as midshipman, the first appointed from Arkansas. For nearly three years he was on the seas, returning in September, 1846, after having made a complete circuit of the globe.

The Constitution was one of the most famous vessels of the American navy. She was launched at Boston September 20, 1877, and was in the service until some time after the late war. She took a prominent part in the bombardment of Tripoli in 1804 and in the war of '12.

During the cruise, on which Mr. Buckner was midshipman, the gallant Capt. John Percival was in command. They visited many strange countries and saw many strange people during that time, and interesting descriptions of scenes and incidents were given in lengthy letters written to loved ones at home, besides the daily record which the midshipman kept as one of his duties. A number of these letters have been preserved by Mrs. Reardon, of 1410 Spring street, this city, sister of Mr. Buckner. They were written before the invention of envelopes, and are yellow and stained with age. The letter from which the follow extracts are made, was written at sea, in latitude 36° south and longitude 12° west, September 23, 1844, and addressed to Capt. Simoen Buckner, White Sulphur Springs, Scott county, Ky. It contains much unpublished history of the most interesting character. After the introduction he writes:

We left Rio de Janeiro on the 8th of this month. Our captain is as kind as usual and our ship as comfortable as can be expected, with nine months' provisions and water on board. On the morning of leaving Rio I was sent ashore on duty, and being left had a long pull of some ten or fifteen miles to get on board ship, she having hove-to on the rolling ground to wait for me. I laid in for our mess some three or four hundred oranges, and since we have been out I have had the regular duty every morning of serving out three oranges apiece to each one of the mess until within a day or two ago, when they gave out, and of course we miss them very much, as a fresh orange is an excellent treat at sea.

Our mess was rather short of money in Rio, and, being caterer (a troublesome and unthankful post), of course had to look out for a few mess stores. The only thing that I laid in was a hamper of first rate fruit of only one kind, and such a peculiar kind that sailors never tire and mids never refuse, big Irish potatoes. Every morning I feast our mess on a dish of skouse, or hash. We are all kept very busy, as the captain seems to believe in the old proverb that an idle mind is the devil's workshop.

Shortly after leaving Rio we chased a vessel, supposed to be a slaver, but found ourselves mistaken, for, coming up with and overhauling her, we found her to be a Genoese merchant brig outward bound.

When we left Rio it was so warm that we found almost anything uncomfortable. Our clothes were nearly always wet with perspiration. This was only ten or twelve days since, now we find it so cold that our pea-jackets are comfortable below, and on deck a fellow has to keep on the move to keep his blood warm.

Five days since we were becalmed nearly in the middle of the Atlantic, and were visited by thousands of Cape pigeons, a bird half as large as a full grown chicken, with beautiful white feathers, flecked with black specks on its wings and back; then there were Cape hens, the largest birds, and as black as crows, besides numbers of albatrosses; these birds when full grown measue twelve to fourteen feet from tip to tip. They resemble the goose very much, only are much handsomer, being almost always entirely white; besides these there were other birds too numerous to mention. We caught numbers of all kinds. The manner of catching them is as follows: A piece of fat pork is put on a stout fish hook, and with a good float thrown overboard. It is scarcely overboard more than ten minutes before some of them nab it, and the only thing to be done is to haul them on board. You may probably think that we had fine eating, but it was not so, as they all have so strong a smell of fish that it is even worse than salt junk. We caught a large blue shark the same day and in about ten minutes he was cut up and served out amongst the messes.

On the 20th we exercised the ship's company firing at a target placed about two miles from the ship. There were a great many pretty shots fired. The Monday, you know, was my birthday and by hard squeezing I managed to raise a good dinner. On the evening before I happened to mention that the morrow was my birthday and ended with a lament that I had not even so much as a duff, (a sort of sea dish made of raisins and flour boiled together) to celebrate the day with. However as promises to pay are easily made, I borrowed a few things from the ward-room and cockpit messes, saying, at the same time, I would pay it the next duff day or as soon as convenient. The only thing wanting was a pig, and a rather noisy one forward fairly made my mouth water. However, I managed to get a good dinner with a bottle of lemon syrup and a few other little extras not worth mentioning. My messmates drank my health, and wished my birthday would come every week or oftener. The next thing done was to drink the health of our mothers, fathers and sisters and break up our dinner party.

At daylight this morning we hove in sight of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, a desolate island in the South Atlantic. It is 8000 feet high, and more than half the year it is covered with snow. The land next the seashore is elevated about 1000 feet. It then breaks off into beautiful table land, which is said to be very fertile. From near the center of the island the peak rises majestically and almost in the shape of a regular cone. The clouds appear to form a belt around it about one-third of the way up. These clouds and the snow-capped summit make it beautiful to behold. On the north side of the island is a cascade of fresh water, where ships very frequently send their boats for water.

October 3. We were standing boldly in for shore when I left off the other day, but, a heavy gale coming on from the northward, we stood off, as the island was about two miles under our lee, and a lee shore with a heavy norther is not very desirable. We kept all hands on deck all night and kept under as much sail as was safe. After getting well off shore the gale increased with driving rain and hail, which appeared not to fall but to fly in horizontal lines. The rain at times would hold up, but the spray from the white caps was lifted and driven with such force as fairly to sting. It was with difficulty that the men could go aloft. Gradually we reduced sail, and by 4 a.m., we were laying to with a close reefed main top sail and the fore spencer, and in half an hour after were under a main spencer with nothing else set. The sea had begun rising from the first moment and at this time was at a most alarming height. Had our old ship not been a good sea boat we might have fared badly. As it was she laid to like a duck. Though all hatches were buttoned down for fear of an accident, she seldom took any water on her spar deck. Our gun deck was all afloat, and some of our oldest seamen were slightly sea sick. After continuing blowing for about two days it commenced moderating and the sea appeared to rise more. It was truly a grand sight to see such immense masses of water in motion, looking as if they would overwhelm the ship at every roll. Yet it was not so for we rode it out without accident.

After the gale was over we stood down for the island, but on account of the heavy sea running, we could not venture in. The island is surrounded by an immense quantity of seaweed through which it is difficult to pull a boat. There is a beautiful kind of fish to be caught off these islands, a kind of salmon. There was too much wind to fish while we were there, but some managed to catch a few of them, of which we obtained enough to make skouse, which the mids seemed to relish very much as they were all sharp set for a little fresh grub. There are about twenty-five persons living on the island who have been living there for fifteen or twenty years. The seldom see any person except each other and a few whalers who sometimes put in for fresh water. They keep on hand a large quantity of potatoes, which they manage to dispose of to whalers, taking in exchange shoes and clothing of all kinds, money being of no use to them. The head of the family is an old Englishman named Glass, usually called Governor Glass by those stopping here. His government is after the fashion of the old patriarchs. The interior of the island is covered with cane and swarms with wild goats and hogs. The birds are so extremely gentle that a gun is of no use, sticks or stones being as good or better. In fact they will hardly get out of your way unless you give them a kick, and even then some of them will dispute it with you.

To the eastward of Tristan d'Acunha are two other islands. No one lives on either os them. They are not quite so large as the other one, but are equally as fertile. Ten years ago five Americans were seen on the island. They had been on the island sealing for eight or ten months, and were expecting their vessel every day. Three or four years afterward a vessel was driven to the southward and sent a boat ashore. There were four graves to be seen, and in a small hut, which they had built, were a few fleshless bones that told their history. The vessel they expected appeared to have been lost, and they all died from some causes which no one knows. About 100 miles south of Tristan d'Acunha is Gough's Isle, another uninhabited island, of which but little is known.

After the gale we had a fair wind for several days, which we profited by. To the northward of Tristan d'Acunha there is a strong current running to the westward. This current comes from the Mozambique channel and around the Cape of Good Hope, at the rate of five miles an hour. On the 1st it began to look squally, and as we were directly off the cape we kept a look out for squalls and gales. The sun set in a bank of black clouds and the sky overhead looked something like a white marble slab with an occasional mare's-tail. I was on first watch and we took in everything but the sails, and reefed them. I had just been relieved when we were struck with a squall which carried away the jack yard in three pieces, and split the main top sail from clew to laring. The lee guns were under water, the roaring of the wind drowned every other sound. It lasted only twenty or thirty minutes, but it was a regular snorter.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Leaves from the Log Book of W. P. Buckner Aboard the Constitution.

FIRST ARKANSAS MIDSHIPMAN.

Peak of Pico—Fayal—Funchal—The Far Famed Peak of Teneriffe—Facts About the Island—Harbor of Rio.

The log book which the midshipmen are required to keep on board all well ordered ships is an interesting volume. Especially so when it records much of the unwritten history of such a historic man-of-war as the Constitution, or "Old Ironsides." The log book which the writer has in his possession was kept by William Perry Buckner, an old Arkansas boy.

The Constitution, Capt. John Percival commanding, left its moorings off Gosport (Va.) navy yards, April 12, 1844, for a two years' cruise around the world.

For several days while on the high seas the entries are interesting only from the fact that they show minute observations required to be made. The following, in conjunction with a carefully prepared table giving the course of the winds and ship and other items every hour in the day, is a fair sample of many others:

"April 18. During these twenty-four hours first past light breezes and pleasant weather. Made and shortened sail as occasion required. At 5 squally and cold. Took two reefs in top sails, reefed the fore sail, furled the main. At 8 fresh gales from the n' and e' with driving cold rain. At midnight very black, heavy sea on. Wind moderated. Tacked as occasion required. At 8 a.m. close reefed the fore and main top sails and furled the mizzen. Sent down the top gallant masts. Blowing quite fresh and cold from the n'e'."

June 18. The summit of the Peak of Pico is 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The islands of Fayal and Pico are volcanic matter and every hill has a crater. The principal crater is about nine miles from Orta. It is 1200 feet deep, and at the bottom is a small lake of fresh water. The top of the crater is five miles in circumference. Numerous flocks of sheep graze around the lake. The Peak of Pico has at one time been a volcano. Its sides are almost composed of lava. The summit is capped by a small cone and has a large crater. It is uncomfortably warm on account of the hot vapor issuing from it. During the winter, when the snow is over the tops of all the high hills and mountains, the Peak of Pico is bare around the crater.

The principal town in Fayal is Orta, a very pretty place, though not so neat as a person might think. The gardens are kept in fine order. Seven years ago a great many oranges were raised in the island, but the trees have been destroyed by a small insect about the size of a flax-seed. The island of Fayal is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitatants. The climate is salubrious, the land fertile and in a high state of cultivation. There is considerable wine trade between this place and the United States.

June 15. Funchal, Maderia, is quite a pretty place, and has considerable trade with the United States. The land back of the town is very fertile, though broken and rough, the vineyards are kept in fine order, as it is almost their only support. About nine miles from town is an extinct crater the scenery around it is very wild. About three miles from Funchal, near the summit of the mountain, and frequently among the clouds, is a very pretty church. Near this is a pretty English garden laid out and beautifully ornamented. The roads from Funchal to various parts of the island are good and also quite pretty. They are made of small gravel wedged together. One thing singular to an American is that he sees no carts, wagons or carriages, they drag everything on slides. Another thing is that as soon as the mids get ashore they are annoyed by a lot of boys pushing themselves and their horses over them, begging the mids to hire them and their horses.

Funchal is well fortified, has five forts. The anchorage is exposed to all winds from the South, is very deep and requires no pilot, for there is three fathoms of water twenty yards from the shore.

Fruits of almost all kinds are abundant here, and many plants that are cultivated in hot houses in the United States in this latitude are very flourishing. The climate is pleasant, never having any frost. The summit of the highest peak of Madeira is about 7500 feet.

July 2—The island of Teneriffe is the largest of the Canaries. It belongs to Spain. The town of Santa Cruz is on the southeast part of the island, a very neat and clean place for a Spanish town. It is strongly fortified. It was at the attack of this place that Lord Nelson lost his arm.

The island of Teneriffe viewed from the anchorage of Santa Cruz, has a barren, desolate appearance. The first impression that I had of the whole island, was that it was almost a desert. The number of camels with their heavy packs from the mountains, a thing so uncommon to an American, tends to remind him that he is in a foreign land, if not in a desert. About ten miles from Santa Cruz is the ancient capital of the island, Laguna.

Laguna is about 4000 feet above the level of the sea and contains nearly 7000 inhabitants. Mummies of the former inhabitants of the island can be found in the mounds in and around the city. They were called Juanchas. The whole race was destroyed at the conquest of the island by the Spaniards. Around Laguna is an extensive plain, one of the most fertile spots in the world. Very fine wheat is raised here. It rains almost every day during this season of the year.

On the northwest side of the island there are several large towns, presenting a very different appearance from the southeast side. This side is covered with vineyards, wheat fields and everything that can be of use in this climate. Oratora is one of the largest towns on the northwest part of the island. About three miles from this is another city of the same name, both pretty places. On the southern part of the island is the port and city of Ecore. Just about fifty years ago this city was partly destroyed by an eruption of the peak of Teneriffe. In the town of Oratora is a tree called the Drugan. It was full grown at the conquest of the island, which was 700 years ago. The peak of Teneriffe is about 13,500 feet high. It is on the extreme southwest part of the island. The clouds are generally about one-third of the way up to the peak.

From the peak can be seen the other islands of the group, six in number. One of the most singular appearances from the peak is the clouds beneath; they look like an ocean of snow or white foam. A party of officers visited the peak during our stay. They were on the top at sunrise on the fourth of July, and gave three cheers for the day. The crater of this peak is on the extreme summit. Though the volcano is said to be extinct, great quantities of steam, sulphur, etc., issue from it. Teneriffe exports lots of wine to the United States. It resembles the Madeira wine very much, both in taste and looks.

In Santa Cruz they catch a great quantity of horse mackerel with a rod and line by fire-light. A ship drifted into Canary about two months ago, keel up and nothing alive on board. The batteries are in a state of decay. The bay affords but little protection from any winds. The landing is not very good, and a line of battle ships can lay within pistol-shot of the batteries.

Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, August 3. Saluted the Brazilian flag with twenty-one guns, which was returned by the fort with the same number. The French frigate Bereau came in fifteen minutes before this ship and anchored off the town. The harbor of Rio is one of the best in the world. The anchorage is good and the entrance easy, not requiring a pilot even in the night. The land presents a very singular appearance at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. It appears like a man lying on his back. The most remarkable part is its head, and the nose is called Lord Hood's nose. The Sugar Loaf forms his feet. The Sugar Loaf is a mountain almost perpendicular, 1200 feet high. It stands at the entrance of the harbor. There are very strong forts on either side of the harbor. They are built of granite. In the middle of the entrance is another fort built on a shoal. All these forts are apparently very strong. Near the city on an island is another very large fort, also the public arsenal. This fort has but six or eight guns mounted and a small guard of soldiers. The Brazilians have some half-dozen old men-of-war hulks laying about the island near a sort of navy yard.

The United States frigates Congress and Raritan were laying here when we came in. They have been here about three months. They are both very fine vessels. The Congress is a sort of fancy ship, in which the bright work is bound to shine. The crow bars, ring bolts and belaying pins are always kept bright. This is the way part of Uncle Sam's money goes. Both of these vessels are fast sailors, the Raritan having logged 276 miles in twenty-four hours, and for three successive days 240. The English also have two fine frigates in the harbor, one of them the America, was built in the United States and given to Louis XVI of France. From the French she was taken by the English during the last war. Rio contains about 280,000 inhabitants. This includes the two towns of Port Praya and Rio Grand. The principal products of Brazil are coffee, sugar and hides.

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dining with him yesterday, and also the honor of dining with the priest of the island, who is as black as the devil himself.

February 14. Our silent doctor has gone ashore to-day. I wonder if he will say ten words. The second lieutenant and I have been amusing ourselves trying to magnetize Horace, our mess-boy. He fears us very much and says he "tinks dat we works roots." You may laugh at us if you wish, but you must at the same time pity us, for we are very hard up for some amusement. I feel half way disposed to get mad at myself for want of ingenuity in making fun. Sometimes I feel like getting up a quarrel for pastime and for something to talk about. I think that if our doctor was not so lazy that we would have had hard words some time ago. I have been trying to make up my mind never to admit anything as true in the mess hall unless it is proven first, in order to get him to talk a little.

St. Vincent, February 21. We have arrived at St. Vincent and, though I have nothing worth telling you, but for pleasure and employment to-day I have determined to write. We have had pleasant weather excepting thick fogs, which bother us no little. It was so thick that we could not see the land until we were very close to it. This made it very dangerous navigation, as in several instances we were not more than half a mile from the breakers, which were rolling as high as our mast heads.

A fog is very unpleasant on shore, but ten times more so at sea, for the sun being obscured one can not tell where he is exactly, which is very necessary in running among a lot of small islands. In one instance I felt my heart jump into my mouth. We were running in toward the shore, the fog very thick, when it broke away a little and a very high mountain was seen almost overhead. It looked like it was going to fall over on us.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of William Perry Buckner, the First Arkansas Midshipman.

THE HISTORIC CONSTITUTION.

Daily Life Aboard Ship—Sea Sickness—Duties and Pleasures of the Mids—Isle of Flores—Capt. Percival.

AT SEA, LAT. 40:26, LONG. 50°, 30' W. }
JUNE 8, 1844. }

As I have a little leisure time I thought I would do well in employing myself in writing to you. I am well, and have been so since leaving New York. We have had a very pleasant passage so far, except two days on the coast and yesterday. The first two days out it blew a strong gale from the northeast, which kicked up a heavy swell and, as a matter of course, made all our passengers seasick. They have just begun to creep about decks, and their lank jaws and pale faces show too well that they have had their first introduction to old Father Neptune.

Mr. Wise has a very pleasant family and is himself very much of a gentleman. He has five children, one of whom is a pretty little girl about seven. She is a great deal of company for me. We have a pleasant mess, but as there is always one black sheep in a flock so there is a black sheep in the mess. Altogether, however, we are very happy, keep our time as pleasantly as mids usually do on sea rations and an allowance of water, in three watches. Our watches are four hours on and eight off. The second watch, or the watch to which I belong, is composed of a set of very pleasant fellows, and very amusing.

Our watches generally pass off very nicely. Sometimes we are brought up by the officer of the deck, asking us not to laugh so loud. You know the old maxim of "laugh and grow fat." I intend this cruise to get fat, if good humor will make me so.

Yesterday I have mentioned as a very unpleasant day. It commenced raining early in the morning and continued to rain constantly for about ten hours, though, thanks to kind Providence, it was not a cold rain. We suffered only from wet shirts, which were soon changed. In the afternoon the captain invited me in to dine with him, as there was to be a blow out in the cabin. We had a first-rate dinner and, of course, passed a very pleasant evening. Last night it blew quite fresh, but as we were dead before it we did not feel it. This morning I was sent to pick up a hammock which had fallen overboard. I was surprised when I got into the boat at such a heavy swell.

The Constitution sails very well. We have gotten as much as thirteen knots out of her since leaving New York, and as we are very deep I think it is but a fair conclusion that we will sail better when we get lightened up a little. We are kept very busy lately making out watch, quarter and station bills, but as "an idle mind is the devil's workshop" I can not complain.

The weather has moderated a great deal since leaving New York. In New York it was quite cold and unpleasant, but here it is warm enough to go in summer clothes. Last Sunday we had divine services. Some of the mids got very religious, and answered amen with as sober faces as any old Methodist preacher. We have no chaplain on board, but as our first lieutenant is a religious man, and, no doubt a good Christian, he read a few chapters from the Bible and also the Episcopal morning service. Our lieutenants are all very fine men, but one of them is quite a soft fellow, and another very ceremonious. The ceremonious one has a very kind and clever wife, a great favorite of mine, so I like him better than the rest of the mids do, and I dare say better than I otherwise would.

Our professor is a very nice old gent, and is also a very smart man. I am very much pleased with him, and if I should make another cruise as mid (which I hope will not be the case), I should like to sail with him. We have seen but few vessels since we have been out, and all were outward bound. We have passed everything we have seen, as yet, and hope to be able to pass all others that come in our way.

We have a fine band on board. We have them now playing sacred music for to-morrow, which is Sunday. Mrs. Wise is a strict member of the church. It is only done to please her, as our captain is a hard old Christian, or rather heathen.

To-day about noon a large school of porpoises crossed our bows, pursued by a very large shark.

We have a mid on board who was in the Concord when she was lost. He gives a pleasing description of the natives of Madagascar, who are about like the North American Indians in color. For a trap, button, or a jack-knife you can buy as much as for a dollar.

As it is getting near eight bells I must close for the present. I shall send this home from Fayal if there is any vessel homeward bound. It has turned a great deal cooler since this morning, and from all appearances we will have a gale, and that, too, right ahead. I think we will be at sea about ten days longer to Fayal. We are still in the gulf stream, which runs nearly east after leaving the coast of America. There are a great many suppositions as to the cause of the gulf stream, but I think it is caused principally by the northeast trade winds. There is a current which sets around Cape Horn and along the coast of South America into the Gulf of Mexico, or rather into the Carrabean Sea; there is another strong current around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Atlantic into the Carribean Sea, so that the waters of the Gulf of Mexico are thirty-two feet higher than the Pacific, and having no other outlet than between the isle of Cuba and Florida it passes through there. The current here is about twelve miles a day to the east.

June 10, latitude 40.18, longitude 39 degrees, 51 minutes west—I have again put down our longitude and latitude in order that you may see our course across the Atlantic if you should choose to look on the map for it. We have made a first-rate run so far from New York, particularly for the last two days, or since I commenced this letter. I told you before that it felt cool and looked like a gale. In the evening when I went on deck I found it very smoky and squally, but not ahead as I had thought. During the night it blew very hard. In the first watch we made forty miles per log, and in the middle watch forty-two miles. In the morning (Sunday) it was blowing a smoky southwestern. For three hours we went thirteen knots, and for the last hour in the watch we went fourteen. We had prepared all things the evening before for church, but did not have it on account of the spar and gun decks both being wet.

When we came to make up our day work, we found we had made 255 mi

Yesterday some of our passengers were again taken sick on account of the heavy swell. Our ship is an excellent sailer. There has been nothing since leaving New York that could come near us, we have passed everything. We are perfectly water tight, not having made more than six inches water in the last month. We are all well as usual and live quite well for mids. To-day we are unbending our sail in order to repair them, and have bent others in their stead.

Last night there was a question started in the steerage in relation to gunnery. Of course there were found advocates of both sides. The mids referred it to the professor. There were three of us on one side and nine on the other. The three were in my watch, and the professor decided for us. The other mids referred it to Mr. Wise, and he decided against us. I then had an argument with him, and when he found I was getting the weather gage of him, he commenced talking and would not let me get in a word.

The question was: If a ship were capable of going fifty miles an hour, and if we had a gun which would throw its shot at the same rate, the gun were fired astern, whether at the end of the hour the shot would be fifty miles from the ship or 100 miles, supposing the shot to fly for one hour or to be one hour suspended. I said fifty miles, and have all the principles of philosophy to support me.

We are to-day 530 miles from Fayal and will be there in course of three or four days. I do not think we will lay there more than seven or eight days. We will then leave for Madeira.

I laid in some corn meal before we left New York. Our mess boys make us corn bread, the crust of which is a sort of flint, the inside a tough, indigestible substance. In the next letter you must write me a receipt for making corn bread so that if ever I should have corn meal in the mess again the bread will be fit for something.

I was speaking to Miss Wise the other day about letters, etc. She says that she has done nothing but write letters since leaving home. I wish I had nothing else to do but write to you and to the rest of my friends. I shall have to go on deck in a few minutes as I have the second day watch. You would be somewhat amused if you could just peep into our steerage for a few minutes. There is one big mid snoring in one corner on a few sea jackets, two others with their slates studying, three others singing a mock Methodist hymn, and one poor green mid with his head on his hands complaining of sea sickness and wishing he was at home. His thin jaws and down-hearted looks and now and then a dismal grunt, say too well that he speaks what he wishes.

Our water is very good as yet. The reason it keeps so well is that we keep it in iron tanks, which are great preventives of impurity in water. We have a great many advantages in this ship over the Marion, one advantage is her fast sailing, another is she is dry and comfortable; while the Marion was wet and unpleasant, another is that she has no roaches, centipedes or tarantulas.

June 14, latitude 39.05, longitude 31 degres, .04 minutes—We are now off the Isle Flores and Caro. We have a light wind and have been becalmed three or four days. Flores Isle (which means the isle of flowers) is a barren, rocky place and is also very steep. The height of the highest peak is 1100 feet.

Two days ago we passed a large East India man bound to England. We did not speak her, but only showed our colors. It was in about this latitude that a great deal of fighting was done in the last war.

Privateers and men-of-war came here to waylay the homeward bound East India men, and the English men-of-war came out to stop us. It is likely that we will be out about three days more, as the Azores are remarkable for calms. It appears to me that I have just left New York. I can hardly realize that we have been out now more than two weeks. The time slips by pleasantly and swiftly. There is a very singular appearance about the ship to-day, as there was yesterday, also. The water is full of Portugese men-of-war and the common sea nettles. I expect you do not know what a Portugese man-of-war is. It is a kind of fish that carries a sail on its back, and is of a bright purple color and very pretty. If handled they give a very severe sting. We are now living as well as mids can live at sea, two weeks out, but most of us cast an occasional glance at the shore and express a wish to be there to get something nice and good. It is truly tantalizing to be in sight of land four or five days and not allowed to go on shore.

Though I had as soon be at sea two or three months longer as not, yet I should like to be out of sight of land, for the very sight of land gives me thoughts of a good glass of milk, etc. The captain is as kind as usual, so is the first lieutenant, and, in fact, all the hands. I rather expect the captain on his best behavior, while Mr. and Mrs. Wise are on board, and think he will make up for lost time when we get to Rio.

The band is still practicing sacred music. They did not get a chance to play last Sunday as there was a heavy gale of wind from the south and west. I think they will play "Old Hundred" or some other sanctimonious hymn day after to-morrow (Sunday).

I never told you about a captain once who used to read the Bible to his crew every Sunday. One Sunday he was reading in fine style, when he came to the part which says: "The Lord said unto Moses." As he pronounced the word Moses the sails commenced flapping and shaking on account of the wind hauling ahead. The old man stopped short, and said: "Clap on the lee main brace, and be damned to you, and haul with a will, you rascals, you?" making it appear that the Lord said unto Moses, "clap on the lee main brace, and be damned to you, and haul with a will, you rascals." Such is the religion at sea, or at least divine services—one moment a prayer, the next an oath.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of William Perry Buckner, an Arkansas Midshipman Aboard the Constitution.

The Malagash—Madagascar—Deserted Mozambique—In Bambatook Bay—City of Majunga—Queen Radavallo—Papendava Bay—Zanzibar.

October 15, 1844. I had often heard that the Malagash were not negroes, but a half and half Malay and negro. How people could say so I don't know, for they have all the features of the negro. Prince John Green was the only man, that I saw, who was dressed in any way like a European. All the rest were entirely naked, except their clouts. The women wore this cloth nearly like the men, with the exception that they brought the end over around the neck, and then allowed it to hang down forward. It was a common thing to see a negro or Malagash woman have a young child strapped to her back with this cloth, the little one clinging on and paying no more attention to the hot, burning sun, which beat down on their uncovered heads, than an American child would to a bright star. The most important feature in Prince John Green I forgot to mention, that he had but one eye. This eye was left entirely closed, and at ten steps one could not tell whether there had ever been an eye there or not. This gave him a very singular appearance, for this one eye was continually rolling in a quick, laughable manner, the white of his eye contrasting so strangely with his black skin, and this eye gave him a one-sided look which was truly laughable.

He had lost his father two moons previous to our arrival and according to their custom shaved the hair off his head. We asked him where his father had gone. He pointed up. He then told me of his burial. He said that he buried him with his head to the sunrise, and that on his grave he killed ten bullocks, ten sheep, ten cows, etc. "Den," said he, "puttee de musket, de spear and de cloutee in de ground." On being asked the reason he killed the bullocks, he said to show God that his father was a big man. He said that in some parts of the island, "sposee big man die, killee de bullocks, killee de cows, killee de sheep, killee de wife, killee de slave and killee ebrything." some killed 36

Many of the natives wear charms around their necks, which they say is part of their religion. They called them Mohamis. Many of the natives are Mohametans, and I have but little doubt that this word is derived from the word "Mahomet." They are very superstitious and think that a doctor is a greater man than any one else. The most of the Malagash are Pagans or Mahometans. Some worship the bones of their ancestors, others birds and others beasts. Some years ago there were many Christians on the island and there were also numbers of missionaries, but because they did not confine themselves to their religion and attempted to interfere with the government, they were all expelled from the island. All men and women were ordered to curse the Christian religion. Those who refused were instantly put to death. Since then no Christian has ventured to live on the island with the intention of spreading their religion.

We got up our band when the royal family were on board. At first they were astonished, but then pleased, and one big darkey was so delighted that he clapped his hands, and when the tune would take any sudden turn he would roar out laughing, and at last caught hold of the Jacob's ladder laying up against it, the tears running down his cheeks, and every now and then raising his huge foot, which he would bring down with a kick to express his pleasure. Many of the common folks made a bolt to get clear of the ship's side, but as soon as they found out what it was they came back, many of them keeping time by clapping their hands, and some of the women struck up a dance, in which they were joined by one or two of the middies.

Everything they brought alongside they wanted a dollar for, but would as readily take a button or any other trifle, such as a string of beads. Fresh grub, though plenty, was hard to get, for they brought it alongside in such small quantities that a large mess would take everything for one meal.

We wooded and watered the ship at this place. Watering we found to be very troublesome. The watering place was about six miles from anchorage, and about one-third of the way was a sandbar, where, during the ebb-tide, the sea breaks furiously. On this unpleasant duty I was sent every day. Once, in a trip with a load of water and a large number of men with a bullock lashed in the bottom of the boat, we narrowly escaped being swamped, though by good management we got over the bar. If we had struck the boat would, no doubt, have gone to pieces, but as we were close to shore, only forty or fifty yards, there would have been no danger, only a good ducking and the unpleasant feeling of knowing that I would have been the one the whole blame would have fallen upon. To tell you of everything that happened here, and everything that didn't happen here, would fill a book, so I shall hush up. I will only add that some of them (the natives) had eight or ten wives and others twenty or thirty, and that nearly all of them had American names, such as Jim Crow, Gim-a-Long Josey, One-Eyed-Riley, Lucy Long, Betsey Baker, Kitty Clover, etc. Jim Stout came on board as a sort of pilot for the watering party. We rigged him up with pants, shirts, etc., of which he seemed to be very proud, then got a common hand looking-glass and showed him his ugly countenance in the plane side. On the opposite side was a magnifying glass of great power, so after some foolish mimimcry, which he took to be conjuring, I showed him the other. This made him look near seven times as large as he really was, making his head look like it was swelled. As soon as we showed him this side he clapped his hands on his head and started back, stared and with a loud "Ugh! Big doctor," ran on deck, and it was some time before we could prevail on him to come down again.

October 20. We got under way and stood out to sea.

October 26. Made the land to the south of Mozambique. Spent all day in beating up. The next day I got permission and went on shore. The city of Mozambique is nearly 500 years old. When first discovered it was inhabited by the Arabs. Vasco de Gama, a great Spanish navigator, first touched there and found the Arabs partly civilized. They at first welcomed him with music, but as soon as they found he was a Christian they at first treated him with distrust, and finally treated him as an enemy. De Gama soon reduced this place, since which it has been under the Portugese flag.

It is built on an island and on the north end of that island is a very strong fort known as Fort St. Albans. It is of quadrangular form, and is a proud monument of ancient Portuguse industry. It mounts about sixty guns, most of them unfit for use. The place is but little known, it being situated in an obscure and almost unvisited part of the world, whilst back in the interior the country is totally unknown, no white man ever having visited that part. It is both savage and sickly, and to venture into it is almost certain death. The city is very well built and laid out in regular manner. Many of the houses would do credit to any American or European city, but all of these houses have marks of time upon them. Many of them are crumbling into ruins.

At one time there were upwards of 10,000 slaves annually shipped from this place to different parts of the world. At that time there was also a wealth of ivory, gold dust and precious stones. Then it was that the harbour of Mozambique was crowded with ships, her streets one continuous scene of business and bustle. Riches flowed into her coffers, and nothing was heard but the hum of busy men. But now on every street grass is growing half as high as a man's knees, except in the by-paths, which the goats and negroes make in going from one place to another. In almost every street goats and African sheep can be seen grazing, for it is in these lonesome, deserted places that the richest grass grows.

Just back of the governor's palace is an old wharf with eight or ten arches. This was at one time a noble structure, but like the rest of the city it must be counted amongst the has beens, for it has now fallen down and tumbled to pieces. Nothing of it is now standing but a few unstable columns, and the only use that is made of it is by the negroes and Arabs who carry off the fragments to construct their miserable huts of. Sometimes a Portuguese in telling an old story will point to this wall or wharf and tell you with pride that the Portuguese built it.

There are several large public squares, some with statues and others with fountains, but, like the rest of the city, they have all gone to ruin. The statues have all either fallen or have been thrown down

and are covered with moss and grass so thick that they resemble more some vegetable production than works of art. The fountains have long ago stopped and are now filled up with dirt and ashes from the negro huts. There was once a fence around the squares, but now nothing can be seen of it, and in only one place could I discover any sign of a walk. The governor's house is a fine building, with a flat roof, fronting seaward. We found him an accomplished gentleman. He spoke several languages, and English he spoke as well as any of us. His house was furnished in splendid style, combining the comfort of Europe with the luxury of the East.

The south part of the island is entirely occupied by the negroes, whose miserable huts, built of bamboo and covered with palm leaves without any regularity, contrast strangely with the regular and well built city of the Portuguese. Near one of the public squares we found one long, low shed thatched with bamboo, and many negroes, some with a few bananas, others with a few eggs. This was the market. Though we found everything very cheap, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could get enough grub for our mess. As it was we bought everything in the market and then hunted for more. The negro district is situated in the midst of a cocoanut grove. Our latitude being 13° south and the sun 12° south of the line, it is as hot as blazes.

Many of the negroes have very singular appearances, some being tattooed all over, and others having lines of raised flesh, making circles, half moons, etc., and one fellow I particularly noticed had a row of small bumps from the top of his forehead to his chin and two other rows across his face under his eyes. These bumps are raised by making wounds and squeezing the flesh up until it takes the desired shape. This fellow, as well as many others, had his teeth sharpened like a saw, and amongst his woolly hair was worked an infinite number of alligator teeth, the points just shewing, giving him a most frightful appearance. There is no means of conveyance except by slaves, who carry their masters from place to place in their sedans.

A great many of the inhabitants are Arabs. They and the Banyans are the most business like men in the place, and so are the most polite. The Arabs are, of course, Mahometans, and have a fine mosque. The Banyans are Hindoos and Pagans, but still they are money-making business men. Their god is a cow, and for the same reason that a Christian wears a cross around his neck the Banyan wears a cow's horn upon his head. This with their red head-dresses and flowing trousers make them look rather curious. If you should overhaul the whole isle of Mozambique, from the governor's palace to the negro huts, not more than 200 white men could be found, and the most of these are officers of the government. Men who have the slightest tinge of white blood are rated white men, and many of these white men are as black as a kettle. The fort has about 200 soldiers, most of them black.

October 28. Went to sea. Just back of Mozambique is a high mountain looking very much like a table, known as table mountain.

November 1. Stood into the bay of Bambatooka and came off Majunga point. This bay is on the northwest side of Madagascar, and extends many miles into the interior. We were somewhat surprised at seeing on a hill a white flag flying on a respectable flagstaff, and just in the rear of Majunga, to see a round fort with bright weapons glittering on the ramparts, also to see several stone houses ashore, looking something like a civilized place. We were soon boarded by a boat from shore with two good looking Malagash dressed in American uniforms. Both spoke English very well, and one of them wrote a beautiful hand. These men belonged to the Ovah tribe, of which Tomanavivo is the capital. They had been educated by the missionaries.

Majunga is the largest town on Bambatooka Bay. It is built, like all the Malagash towns, of bamboo and leaves. Along the beach is a row of stone houses of mean appearance built by the Arabs and Bombay traders. We found an American here who had been on the island four years. He was a sort of agent for a company that trades for anything. The governor is a darkey of rather light appearance for a Malagash, having, no doubt, some Malay blood. These Malagash are doubtless a mixture of negro and Malay, whilst the Sactava of the south part of the island have little or no Malay blood.

We took on board a number of bullocks and some fresh water at this place. Tomanarrio, the capital, is about 250 miles southeast of Majunga, and is a large well built city, having seven large market places. The inhabitants are more than half civilized. They have no king, but are governed by Radavallo, wife of the late King Radamov. Her first act as soon as she had ascended the throne and before he had kicked his last was to put to death all his friends and relatives. Eight thousand persons were killed without respect to age or condition, since which she has reigned without trouble. She has at her disposal an army of 100,000 men, who serve without pay, food or clothing. The only thing furnished them are their spears and muskets. Otherwise than being half civilized, they resemble the St. Augustine men. There are no horses as I have yet seen, though I have been told there are some in the interior.

Stealing in some cases is punished by death. Cowardice is punished more severely than any other crime, by burning. Within the last two years there have been four executions in this manner at this place, and above ten were burned in one day. The queen has the power of life and death. She has no particular religion. One of her ministers a few weeks since was caught praying with a Christian prayer book and was immediately put to death. His body was cut in pieces and sent to the governors of the different provinces. There are a great many venomous serpents, some of them very large, and centipedes and tarantulas are as common as flies and spiders.

From this place we sailed November 5, and in forty-eight hours were at anchor in Papendava Bay about 200 miles from Bambatooka. Nos Bek is an extremely fertile island at the entrance of the bay. There is a French settlement upon it, but it is not in a flourishing condition. The natives are the same as those in Bambatooka. Some of them have large lumps of hair raised on their heads and others are smoothed shaved.

There are many different kinds of reptiles on the island and also on the main. The African chameleon is the most common. They change their colors in an astohishing manner. I captured one. He is some times red, then blue, at other times yellow, and a few moments since was black. They look something like a lizzard, only that they have a ridge the back. Their heads are hooded, and some of them are two and three feet long. I saw the tail of a lizard made into a riding whip more than four feet long. Alligators are common in the creeks and rivers.

November 11. Sailed. I expect to send this from Zanzibar. I have begun to feel quite homesick, and often think and dream of home. I have not had a single word from you since I left New York, but expect to find letters at Canton.

November 18. At Zanzibar. This is an isle off the coast of Africa, with a large city of the same name on the west side. It is a beautiful place, being a continual grove of cocoanut, banana and orange trees. The hills are not so wild, rugged and barren as those on the main land. They slope to the sea and are covered with green grass and growing crops. We found the Berean, a French frigate that sailed in company with us from Teneriffe, laying here. 'Tis said fresh grub is very cheap, and we have

found it so. Our mess has made an awful havoc among the ducks and chickens. The governor goes by the name of Imam of Omar. His name is Ben Bapen. He is an Arab, and is subject to the Imaum of Muscat.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of William Perry Buckner, an Arkansas Midshipman on Board the Constitution.

Christmas Spent at Little Rock's Antipode —Sharks—Sumatra—After a Proa —Piratical Malays— Soosoo.

December 4, 1844.—I wrote to you from Zanzibar, but as the traders from Zanzibar are very much afraid of having their traffic interrupted by strangers writing home of the profitable traffic which is now carried on by an American house, owning all the vessels trading out of here, I think it is very probable that the master of the said vessel will throw our letters overboard rather than run the risk of losing a few dollars. This is frequently the case, and it may be so with our letter bag, though I can hardly see how a man can be so hard-hearted as to throw overboard the letters from a brother to a sister or from a son to a parent, yet such is man, for a few trifles will destroy the few words of kindness exchanged between mother and son, brother and sister, husband and wife.

We are all well and have been so since leaving the states, not having lost a single man, either by sickness or accident.

December 15.—We have after a great deal of light weather at last got a fair and fresh breeze, which makes me feel sort o' comfortable, for during the last three months it has been hot enough to melt the legs off an iron pot. I never saw so much rain at one time in my life. It is raining all the time and so hard that we might soon fill the ship if we needed it. As for the officers, they have not been dry for eight or ten days, for they no sooner put on dry clothes than they are saturated with water. The water we have to drink is very bad; and we often send our steward up with a pitcher to catch a good drink of water as it comes down, pure and cool from the clouds.

December 20.—We have run out of the little Mansoon and again have hot, sultry weather. The crew caught a large shark, which fair play, sea customs and sailors' stomachs, condemned to be cooked and eaten, for it is a matter that does not need demonstration, that if we eat the shark the shark will never eat us, and as sharks eat sailors, turn about is fair play, sailors eat sharks.

December 23.—It seems that we have got into a region of sharks. For within the last two or three days we have caught several. On leaving Zanzibar, I laid in a good supply of chickens and had determined to keep a dozen for Christmas, but hard life, salt air, etc., soon began to work on them and to-day I had to kill them all to save their lives, though it is only two days till Christmas.

December 25—To-day is Christmas, and to-day we crossed the line. This day we also crossed the 180th meridian of Little Rock, or, in other words, on Christmas day we were standing feet to feet, and on Christmas day also appeared the comet, which I expect you can see, and on Christmas day I witnessed the most brilliant sunset that I ever saw, heard or read of. Of what can all these be the sign? Certainly it must be a good sign if there is anything in beauty or memory, for the comet and the sunset were brilliant, and the thoughts and remembrances of home and friends were sweet. I only ask you this because you used to be a great hand for telling, or rather wondering, what the signs of anything curious or entrancing were.

On leaving Zanzibar the Sultan of Muscat sent us a present of fruit, and also a fine goat. When I found the chickens were bound to die my only chance of having a good blow-out was poor Billy. So Christmas we ate him, and with hard digging we managed to raise a few biscuits and some butter. This we had to consider a first-rate dinner for this part of the world, after being so long out of port and so long away from any civilized beings. Oh, how I do want to see a white woman, one of our own pretty country girls, for I have not seen a single white woman since I left Rio, except one of the sultan's slaves, who looked out of a three-story iron-bound and barred window. With this hot, burning sun, shining as it were through and through me, I doubt whether you will be able to recognize me when I get back for I scarcely know myself.

December 28.—We are still in these light winds, latitude 2° north, longitude 89° east, and hardly know when we will be able to get out of them. We are now in an unfrequented part of the world, and have not seen a single sail since leaving Zanzibar. So far we have made a very good passage. We have been out now just one month, and are within 400 miles of Soosoo, to which place we are destined. From Zanzibar to Soosoo is about 4500 miles, so you see that we have not been very idle, though we have had such light winds as I have heretofore spoken of.

December 29.—The weather is still the same. We have but little to do except keep our watches and study, though it is too hot to do anything except get over the side and take a shower bath in the evening. We dare not venture into the water on account of the sharks.

New Year's Day.—As hot as usual. This morning, early, we discovered the high lands of Sumatra ahead and on both bows. The land of Sumatra is very high, most of it being above the clouds. One volcano, which is almost in continual eruption, is about 300 feet higher than Teneriffe. We were about fifty miles off when we first made the land.

January 2,—Finding a strong current against us, we anchored about eighteen miles from the land. Last night we burned a blue light to a strange sail outward bound.

January 3—Still at anchor; wind and tide ahead. Toward evening, finding the land breezes in our favor, we got under way. Discovered a small proa ahead and gave chase, but she outsailed us. Finding we could not overhaul her we fired a blank cartridge, which frightened him so that he made all sail, when a shot thrown across his bow from a spardeck carronade made him dowse sail at once. We sent an officer to bring their captain on board. He found them very much frightened and commenced talking about the Columbia proa, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that they could be induced to come on board without using force. The reason that they were so much frightened was that some five or ten years ago an American ship was plundered and burned by these Malays, and the government sent the frigate Columbia out to revenge the insult and teach them better manners. She burned the town of Qualah Battoo, took several forts and destroyed them. Since then American merchants have been respected. These Malays are very much like Indians and are a piratical and treacherous race, robbing and murdering whoever they can with impunity.

After getting three Malays on board we treated them as well as we knew how in order to quell their fright. Some of their boats are very fast and sail almost in the wind's eye.

This evening we had a few biscuits for supper. When I say biscuits I don't mean hard-tack, but bread, home-made fashion. My gracious, such biscuits! The crusts as hard and tough as flint, and the inside as heavy as lead. Do send me a receipt for making good biscuits, for our steward, the black rascal, can make better round shot than good bread. All the beating that could be put on him would make him no better. I'm sure I won't be in a good humor again for a week, for I had fixed my mouth for a real good supper and then to be disappointed was too bad. I have been quarrelling with them all day about it.

We are now standing along the land and will soon be at our anchorage. The land near the coast is very low and covered with cocoanut trees. This is the famous pepper coast, where nearly all the pepper in the world is brought from.

During the night we came to anchor again and at daylight got under way, standing into the anchorage of Soosoo. The Malays with their boat are alongside, and her crew are very friendly. They are the ugliest devils I ever saw. They look very much like Indians, only their eyes point toward their noses. After anchoring we sent these Malays a few presents, with which they were highly pleased. Soon after we were almost surrounded with proas with Malays trying to come on board. We had the head rajahs on board to-day in the cabin. The captain, knowing that they were all great pirates, threatened that if they did not behave themselves that he would burn their town and hang the head rajah on the nearest tree, and that if they ever insulted an American ship he would come back and destroy them, men, women and children. They all made the best of promises, and no doubt will keep them for a short time. There is one of them now on board who has been entertaining the mids with an account of the massacre of the crew and officers of a French ship. If it were not for our interest and policy to mind our own business I would have no scruples about knocking these ugly devils on the head.

The men all wear poisoned knives or kneeses and are dressed in a loose, half savage sort of way.

The most of them are Mohametans, though there are many Pagans.

The interior of the island is but little known. We found an American ship laying here loading with pepper.

Sunday, January 3.—The evening before we got in, there were laying here two piratical proas of ten guns each. When they saw us in the offing they made sail and are said to have gone down to Muckie. We intend to get under way this evening to search for them. If we are successful I will write you. They are a desperate set of fellows, but if we once get sight of them they had better knock under at once or we will blow them out of water. One of them chased the above mentioned merchant ship in, but could not touch her here as they were under the guns of a Sumatra fort that had once sworn friendship to the American people. They have a great deal of trade with American ships and it is to their interest to protect Americans.

In the evening when the land breezes commence blowing the air is filled with delightful perfumes. It is from this and the adjoining isles that camphor and camphor wood is obtained. It is said that large forests of these trees exist in the interior.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of W. P. Buckner, an Arkansas Midshipman Aboard the Constitutition.

"Dirty Shirt" Cruise—Memories of Home—Bull Fights—Burial at Sea—At Singapore.

December 28, 1844. I obtained a very pretty collection of shells on the coast of Africa, but have seen none here worth having. This morning was brought off a Sumatra beef. It is the largest I ever saw, both large framed and fat. His hide was almost naked of hair and quite black. I never saw such a large animal of the kind in my life. On the arrival of an American ship here lately the Sumatra folk or Malays wished to send a number of their folks to the United States to demand payment for the destruction of Qualah Battoo, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that the captain of the ship could get rid of them.

He afterwards said that if they would send enough of them that he would take them with pleasure, for, said he, "I would run into Charleston or New Orleans and sell every one of them." You must write to me at Calais, Valparaiso and Rio as soon as you get this. Also send me some papers. I wonder who is president? I suspect Mr. Clay is. We will be in Singapore in about a month, where I expect to see some civilized people and also get something good to eat. How tired I am of seeing savages. I wish them all in Guinea and myself in the United States. This cruise ought to be called "dirty shirt" cruise, for since leaving Rio we have not seen a single wash-woman, but we have been forced to wear salt water washed shirts, washed by the sailors and without starching or ironing. What is the best sign of civilization? is a a question asked often in the steerage. The usual answer is this, for as yet I have never seen washwomen except among civilized people. It is the custom among savages to put on a garment and wear it without washing.

On such a cruise as this one sees the beauty of our Christian religion. He learns to love his home and respect his country more, and be better contented with low life in America than high life amongst the eastern savages. One cause of the natives not improving, is the manner in which they treat their wives. They allow them no privileges, never educate them and of course these women can never educate their children. How strange it seems to me, though I have been so long away from you, that I now write to you from the opposite quarter of the globe, that my rising sun is your setting sun, that our days are twelve hours different, and whilst I now write (four in the evening) you have not yet turned out. Still stranger it seems that you should be a mother of two children, and that when you do write to me your letters are no longer girlish, but a sort of touch of the old woman. I often think how I should like to be out west to have a skylark with your two children. You don't know how much I have changed since I have been going to sea, for now I am as fond of children as you are yourself, and whilst I was at home would sometimes spend a whole day playing with a few youngsters. Write me word how Little Rock looks. Has it grown and are there many pretty girls in or near it?

All that I can learn is that all my old schoolmates and acquaintances are getting married. Sure I don't want to die an old bachelor, though there is plenty of time yet ahead, but if I go on many more such cruises as this I will forget how to talk to any one but sailors and soldiers. I long for a good glass of milk and a pone of corn bread. I have not had a drop of milk (except at St. Augustine Bay) to put in my tea or coffee since leaving Rio. Since leaving Zanzibar the East India complaint made its appearance and three men died with it. Others are all well. This is but a small number to die in seven months out of 500 men.

Reading about savages, and seeing and being with them are two very different things. One, the the first, amuses and interests, while the other disgusts. The island is full of tigers, mud buffaloes and wild hogs. Sometimes the natives of Qualah Battoo get a fine bull and send a challenge to the Soo-Soo folks that they have a bull that can whip anything of the kind. After a great deal of talk and nonsense on the subject, they get to betting. At last the bulls are brought together and are allowed to fight until one or the other runs. They commence by backing off about 100 yards, then run together full tilt, head on. The rebound sometimes brings them on their backs, but they are soon up and at it again. One that we brought on board, we had to shoot twice in the head, which had no effect on him, and then one of the largest and strongest men in the ship struck him thirty times in the head with an axe, all of which did not even bring him to his knees. At length the butcher had to secure him to a beam and cut his throat.

January 6.—Sailed from Soo Soo. The first day out, we buried my friend messmate and watchmate, Mid Mason, poor fellow. He was sick for ten days. He was laid out abaft the mizzen mast, with his sword, cap, coat, etc. At the appointed time all hands were called, the main topsail laid to the mast, his messmates ranged themselves on each side, his body was carried by four quartermasters, our first lieutenant read prayers and the band struck up the dead march as we moved toward the gangway. At the proper time he was launched overboard. The marine guard fired a volley over his grave. Many a tedious mid-watch hour I passed with Mason, which we would generally spend talking of our homes, what we intended to do when we got back. Then we would often talk of our sisters, and what presents we intended to buy to take home to them. He wrote home from Zanzibar that we were all well. The next letter that his mother gets will tell her that the blue Indian Ocean is the grave of her son. There is something I cannot describe so mournful in a burial at sea that it weighs upon one's mind more than all the preachers can say ashore. And then to lose a messmate and watchmate is like losing one of a family, and makes a blank, a vacancy, that nothing can fill up. Everything tends to remind you of him. Now and then some one comes across an old shirt or sea jacket, or a cutlass, and is angry that the mids don't take care of their things and thus keep the steerage in order, and sing out, "Whose pea-jacket is this? Here, my man, put this in Mr. Mason's locker."

January 7, 1845. This morning saw a large sea snake astern, not a regular sea serpent, but one as long as a piece of rope and as big around as a lump of chalk. There are now two American ships in sight, and close aboard, too. Probably they are homeward bound, so I must close my letter. I am well. Kiss your little ones for me. Give my love to all the pretty girls and kiss them for me. Write to ma and send her this letter, I have not had time to write to her, as these vessels have taken me by surprise, bad luck to them. We have spoken to them and find that they are outward bound.

January 7. Anchored off Annabaloo, a Sumatra town, and this morning, January 8, ran into another Malay town without a name. Yestermorn chased a suspicious looking proa, but the wind being light she soon distanced us.

This day is a curious day—to day, 1815, the battle of New Orleans was fought and this day our mess had a regular quarrel. I am opposed to such quarrels, for they are so unpleasant. We found at this nameless place an American ship (Rome) loading with pepper. She is said to be homeward bound; if so I shall send this by her. How I want to see you. Last night one of the men commenced singing, "Swiftly Glide the Bonny Boat." It put me so in mind of you and home and those happy times, that I could scarcely contain myself. I wish I could get a letter from you, but as I don't get any I sometimes on a Sunday get out your old letters and read all about old times.

W. P. BUCKNER.

P. S. Singapore, Malasia, February 15, 1845. Dear Sister—We have at last arrived at this pleasant city after a long, hot, sultry, suffocating, smothering and melting passage. I can't tell you how hot it has been. In the straits, we were nearly always becalmed. We arrived here on the first of this month. I have been living on shore ever since and have entirely recovered from a severe spell of sickness. On our arrival at this place we had one hundred men on the list, now there is only thirty. Singapore is an English colony and is a beautiful place. The climate is delightful, though on the line or near it, has an eternal spring. The English inhabitants are very kind and so much like home folks. I shall write you again shortly. I send this by the overland mail, by a Mr. Smith, of our country. Write to me at Rio D' Janiero and Valparaiso. We will not sail from here before the 1st of March, and then hurrah for Borneo. I have bought you a pretty lot of shells here. Good-bye, W. P. BUCKNER.

March 11. Sailed from Singapore. March 18. Arrived at Borneo, all well. June 6. Arrived at Canton.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of William Perry Buckner, the First Arkansas Midshipman.

ABOARD THE BAINBRIDGE

Boa Vista—Martinez, the Consul—At Sal—Mutinous Crew—Mean Yankee Captain—A Silent Doctor—Horace, of Monrovia—St. Vincent—Fogs.

UNITED STATES BRIG BAINBRIDGE, Feb. 1, 1849.

Dear Father and Mother:

I wrote you a hasty letter yesterday to be sent by the first homeward bound vessel and have commenced this with the intention of reformation, in writing, diction and grammar. I have just finished reading some of your letters, for as I can get no new ones I must content myself with reading your old ones, and drawing a picture in my imagination of your fireside and table, and recalling to my mind those domestic scenes and events which chain a man to his home. In this way I keep you all, as it were, before my eyes and make home dearer to me.

I have lately been much interested with The "Spectator," and cannot help from admiring its languages (and the style of simplicity which it possesses). I would give anything in the world to write so well as some of the correspondents of The Spectator, and also to possess the same knowledge of history and nature as they do. Old Zack, with all of his roughness, writes most beautifully, and his words seem to flow so equally and with so much plainness and expression that one cannot mistake his meaning though many, I dare say, are still in doubt as to his principles.

February 6, Boa Vista, Cape de Verde Islands. We have had a very short and pleasant run from Porto Praya to this place and have now been here four days. We have had very fresh winds (not gales), just enough to make it pleasant cruising. This island is about ninety miles from Porto Praya and, like all other islands of this group, is of volcanic origin. Its appearance from the sea is very beautiful, as the mountains are rugged and run up into many peaks; during this season, which is the dry one, all the vegetation is dried up. This of course gives it a barren and desolate appearance on a near approach. The principal export is salt, which is made by evaporating the sea water in pans, which are called saltpans. The island is about ten or fifteen miles in diameter and has about 5000 inhabitants, mostly black or a deep, dingy, dirty looking yellow. I believe that there are about twenty white persons on the island, and they are the chief property holders.

Mr. Martinez, the American consul, is a Portugese, and a very clever fellow. His family are the principal persons in these islands. He speaks very good English, and is a very polite man as far as my knowledge of him goes. We were up to dine with him yesterday and sat down to an excellent dinner. Three ladies were present, one of whom was the governor's wife, and the other two his nieces. They were all very good natured, and the youngest one seemed to be quite lively. None of them were very beautiful, though all were pleasant and agreeable.

Mr. Martinez's house is quite a palace. I was surprised to find so large and elegant a building in so small and poor an island. Mr. Martinez's sister was at the table with us and her intended, at least, so her bother told us at the table, and she did not blush as some young ladies would. I must now tell you a little scandal, which I have no doubt will lower Mr. M. very much in your good grace. He married his niece and his two nieces who were living at his house were his sisters-in-law.

The common people are very much degraded, and are the greatest beggars on the face of the earth. It is very annoying to be surrounded by a lazy lot of vagabonds, who seem to try which can show the most disgusting ulcers in order to excite one's pity. If any one takes a chew of tobabco on the street he had better throw the plug away, for he will most assuredly be besieged by a number of lazy rascals wanting a little piece.

To-day a Portuguese brig came in from Lisbon. She reports that trouble still exists in France, and that Russia had marched her armies to the boundaries of Prussia. How true this is I cannot tell. At any rate, I expect that the next vessel will bring news of war.

February 8, 1849. We are now at sea, having bidden farewell to Boa Vista, and bound to Sal, a small island to the northward, whose only product is salt. Many American vessels trade there for this precious commodity. We stand a fair chance of hearing from the United States and besides the sublime luxury of seeing and hearing white folks. All of us have been writing more or less in hopes of finding some vessel homeward bound. Should we do so we will send our letters by her. We are only about ten or fifteen miles from our port, and, should the wind favor us, we will be in to-night. Our brig sails remarkably well, and we all have agreed to lay a wager that she will beat anything in the squadron on a wind. The cruise about the island is quite a pleasant one and would be delightful was there any one to see and talk to on shore. Who wishes to associate with a lot of black Portugese?

They are a very poor sort of people at most, though I dare say there are many clever people among them. As a whole I think they are the worst folks in the world. A brig has just bark in sight and I must go on deck to look at her. She is an Englishman and came in for salt.

February 11, 1849—Have just returned from the shore, having visited all that is worth seeing in the island, the pans and the railroad to the wharf. The railroad, wharf, salt pans and I may say the whole island and its inhabitants belongs to the Martinez family.

There is a brig here called the Chickasaw. Her crew has mutinied and refuse to do duty. They have been sent on board of us in irons, and I expect that we will have to send them home for trial. They consist of four men, one Englishman, one American, one Frenchman and one Irishman. The Englishman is at the bottom of the whole affair. This morning Johnnie Crapeau, the Frenchman, gave in and signified his wish to be sent on board the brig to his duties again, this was accordingly done, the others still hang out. I expected as much from the Frenchman, as they have not the same obstinacy of others. He has, however, shown his good sense, though I think he has exhibited a great want of spirit. I think that he might at least have held out a week or ten days.

We hope they will all give up in the course of a week, and thus save us much trouble. The captain of the brig is a mean little Yankee, whose soul does not grow bigger than a sixpence, as has been shown since his arrival at this place. He borrowed a boat, anchor and chain from the American consul, who also sent him his slaves to assist in getting his brig out of a dangerous position. By his bad management the boat, chain and anchor were lost and one of the slaves drowned. Then, though the consul offered to bear one-half the loss, he refused to pay the other half. Such meanness as this has caused the mutiny on board his brig. The affair was referred to a number of sea captains in port, who decided that the captain of the brig should pay one-half. He flew into a passion and again refused. Mr. Martinez, the consul, said: "Well, sir, since I have the decision of these gentlemen in my favor, it was all that I cared about. I can let you off from paying the half which you ought to pay." I think that he must have felt very cheap after this.

February 12. It has been blowing quite a gale to-day, raising considerable of a sea, so that there has been no going on shore. At one time we thought we would have to slip our cables and stand out to sea, but this afternoon it has moderated very much, so that I think by to-morrow we will have good weather again.

Our doctor has spoken about three words to-day, which were at the dinner table, something to this effect: "I thank you for the bread," and even this short sentence seemed to cost him a great effort. A still tongue and a brisk jaw seemed to be his principal traits at the table. I am sometimes disposed to ridicule him, but he is equally as insensible to ridicule as to anything else. "A still tongue shows a wise head," says Dr. Franklin, but he never met our doctor. I am heartily tired of so still a mess-mate, and had much rather mess with a wooden man than with one who has all the negative qualities about him; in short, one whom you can neither love, hate or respect.

We have a mess-boy on board from Monrovia named Horace. His parents came from Louisiana, and, on account of his misconduct in Monrovia, the good folks turned him out of the church, and he slipped on board of us. We have occasonally a little sport with him in the way of asking him questions concerning the cannibalism of the Africans. He denies with great indignation that there are any cannibals in Monrovia, and declares that the settlers are all civilized Christians.

The American consul owns the salt works, which are on a very extensive scale. He seems to be a man of some energy. The whole family were once engaged in the slave trade, but of late years, since England, America and France have declared the slave trade piracy, they have quit the business and gone to making salt.

There are eight vessels here now waiting for cargoes, and no doubt Mr. Martinez is making money very fast. I had the honor

TALES OF THE SEA.

Correspondence of W. P. Buckner, the First Arkansas Midshipman.

ABOARD THE BAINBRIDGE.

Madeira—Prince Luchinberg—Palmas—Feast of Nuestra Senora Del Monte—Beggars—Curious Customs—Off to Porto Praya.

The greater part of Mr. Buckner's interesting correspondence while aboard the Constitution has been lost or destroyed. The following was written five years later, the writer at that time being a midshipman on the Bainbridge:

UNITED STATES BRIG BAINBRIDGE,
August 29, 1849.

We left Madeira yesterday with heavy hearts, bound to Porto Praya and the coast of Africa. (I will only speak for myself, however, as every one has his own peculiar tastes). We have had a delightful time, and were exceedingly charmed with Madeira and its inhabitants. The English residents there have been exceedingly kind and hospitable to us. We have been to innumerable dinner parties, took many rides into the country, and were so well treated that I for one will never forget it. An English gentleman there, a Mr. Bayman, who is acting as American consul, was very hospitable indeed. He kept open house all the time we laid there. A Mr. Gordon, another English gentleman, was also very kind and hospitable, besides his wife was quite an agreeable old lady, and his daughter is very pretty, witty, accomplished and good. The first lieutenant, Mr. Mae Dangal, has been poking fun at me ever since we left, saying to the doctor, "Doctor, go and prescribe for the boy, don't you see he is in love." All I can say to the contrary will not make them say otherwise and though I should swear to it, I do not think they would believe me.

If I were to mention all the good folks whom I met in Madeira I would only fill my letter with names, so I will change the subject.

A Russian frigate arrived in Madeira soon after we did, (a steamer, the Kamschatka), with the Prince of Luchinberg on board, who is in bad health and intends spending the winter here. She is a very beautiful steamer and was built in New York.

There has been a great "to do" in Madeira since her arrival, every one wishing to see a real live prince—at least every one in Madeira. A great many salutes were fired and many rockets sent up when he landed, and there must have been 1000 persons collected about the landing place to see him as he passed. Our second lieutenant, who was on shore at the time, says the Funchal people made fools of themselves, and that he had not been any better than they, for he had hurt his foot against a stone in crossing the street to look at the ugliest man he ever saw.

The first lieutenant and I went on board to call on the Russian captain. We found the steamer very neat and clean, and after we had been on board eight or ten minutes two ladies came up. One of them was quite pretty, though she looked like a vixen. We thought then that they had come on deck to have a look at the Americans. We were very politely treated.

The Yorktown has been laying in Madeira for a long time, and her officers say they will be glad to get away on account of their having spent all their money and are getting in debt to the purser. In fact this was almost the case with us, for nearly every one spent all the money due them. Though I felt quite down-hearted at leaving Madeira and such good company, yet thoughts of returning with a full purse rather cheered me in saying good-bye. Then, too, we all thought that we might get letters at Porto Praya or Monrovia, and we knew that we could get very nice water at Prince's Islands, and that we would soon be in the tropics in the dry season when it rains only three times per day (on the coast). We also cheered each other with the prospect of beholding again the dark-eyed beauties of Cape Coast, and of seeing once more the splendid mud edifices of the sons of Ham, and then looking forward with the greatest pleasure to our return to Madeira, when we will be able to at least enjoy two or three weeks of frolicking with the good folks of this very hospitable island.

I was not half so well pleased with Palmas as I have been with Madeira, though I have heard Palmas much more highly spoken of. One superiority, which Palmas has over Madeira, is the Spanish population. The girls are very much prettier than the Portuguese, in fact, with but one or two exceptions, I have never seen a pretty Portuguese woman. I think that, generally speaking, they are the ugliest set of white people in the world.

I must not forget to tell you of the grand feast which came off during our stay. Everybody on the 15th of August is expected to go to the Church of Neustra Senora Del Monte, and offer some gift, make a vow, or confess their manifold sins.

I went up with the rest to see how the people would behave on this great occasion and also to dine at Mr. Gordon's. We found all the grounds near and around the church crowded with good Christians. Many of them had slept there all night. Mr. Gordon's grounds were also thronged with visitors, and all seemed to feel a lively joy. On almost every grass plot we found the peasantry either dancing or singing. One of the dances, which was gotten up for our especial benefit, was so much like an Indian war dance that all those who had ever seen one were at once struck with the resemblance.

I, as well as the rest of the company, was much amused with some of the dresses of the peasant women. They all tried to appear dressed according to the English fashion with bonnets, etc., but you have no idea how awkward the most of them looked. Some others of the country people who were too poor to buy bonnets wore the caps of the country set jauntily aside of their heads, or, as sailors say, "wore their caps on three hairs." These caps are very singular, and appear like the war locks of the Indians. They are made of blue cloth and have long tails on top, which much resemble rat tails, and are usually termed by strangers rat-tailed caps.

The Maderian peasants are very amiable and particularly vain. Should they see a foreigner looking at them they will give their cap another cant, that is to say, place it more jauntily, as much as to say, "Don't you think I am a very handsome young man?"

The most annoying things which one meets in Madeira are the beggars. They are very zealous in their persecutions, and will not leave an American or an Englishman until he either beats him or gives him something. But notwithstanding, they are not half as annoying as those of Santa Cruz. At Santa Cruz I have been regularly besieged, or rather treed in a house, out of which I did not dare to venture on account of the horde of beggars, who would certainly follow at one's heels. Palmas was a little better in this respect, as the beggars there are taken care of by the town, and those who beg have a sort of independent way of asking for alms that is sometimes very amusing.

I see that I am writing this letter after the fashion of women's small talk, that is, making it up of odds and ends, and as this is the case I must (though out of place) tell you about the ribbons which everybody buys in Madeira. On the great feast days these ribbons are mostly red and pink, and have been blest by the bishop of the island. It is said that such a charm is attached to them that those who buy them are sure to get married before the end of the year. All the young girls were decked out with those ribbons, it seemed to me then, as one of the young ladies remarked, that it looked like hanging out a flag for auction, or in other words, to say: "I am for sale, who will have me?"

You would be very much pleased with many of the customs here were you acquainted with them. However, as I have not praised the island or its inhabitants half enough, I will not say anything more about them.

When we arrived at Madeira we found the Yorktown there with her flag at half-mast, and, knowing as we did that our old commodore was in such bad health, we at once supposed that he had died, but we found on enquiring that the flag had been half-masted in token of respect to the memory of Mr. Polk, and that our commodor had sailed for the United States more dead than alive.

August 31. We are still on our way to Porto Praya, and what is still more provoking we have a fair wind and will get there much sooner than we expected to do. Is it not hard that we should always have a head wind to go to Maderia and a fair one to come back? It usually takes twenty days to go and only seven to get back. I think that the wind ought to blow the other way, then we would be only seven days going and, I dare say, forty getting back. We all expect letters in Porto Praya, that is if a store ship has come out for the squadron. I also expect to see a list of the passed mids of my date, when I will know my rank or standing in the whole date.

September 2. To-day we have a fresh and fair wind, the weather is getting much warmer, though as yet we have had no rain. We will pass in sight of Porto Grande on our way to Porto Praya in order to ascertain if any of our men-of-war are lying there.

Our ship's company are all in excellent health. One old quartermaster has been wishing himself in Prince's Island ever since we went windward, as he says it is too cold in Madeira for an African cruiser. Our captain is still very kind and polite to me, and I am glad to say he has almost knocked off drinking, though just before we sailed I thought his tongue was too thick to say "Hutchinson." Our first lieutenant is a fine man and a good officer. Our second lieutenant, though very polite,

has a soul not bigger than a sixpence. Our doctor is a quiet gentleman. The more I see of him the better I like him.

Lately I have become quite homesick. I do not know what to think of my not getting any letters, and though in Madeira I enjoyed myself very much and did not think of home too often, yet leaving there down hearted and not knowing how or where you are, I must confess that I am not a little surprised that I can hold my head up at all.

I learn the English-African squadron will shortly be withdrawn. It might as well be for the good it does. If England is so anxious to put down slave trade, why don't she go directly about it, instead of indirectly as she now does, making war on the great slave dealing nation, Brazil?

September 3. I dare say you will think as Mr. Mae Dangal, our first lieutenant, says, "that the martyr is in love." I would that I had the elequence of a Hegesias (the philosopher of Cyrene), but on the reverse style. He was so eloquent in describing the miseries of life, that all of his audience killed themselves from despair: while if possessed of his powers, I would describe the joys of life in so lively a manner that no one would dare to run the risk of his neck in Madeira.

To-day we have an eight-knot breeze with rather a heavy sea. The weather is very fine and there is every prospect of seeing land in two days. We will touch at St. Vincent and then proceed to the Garden of Eden of the Cape de Verde Islands, Porto Praya. After filling up with wood and water there we will sail on a cruise, coasting along as far as Whydat, and touching at Princess Island, where we will fill up with water and return to Monrovia. There we expect to hear from home, at least through the papers, if not by letter.

I see by the papers that the annexation of Canada is much talked of. I have no idea that it can be done peaceably, and have no doubt but that it will be done at some future day, no matter what may be the consequences. A war with England would ruin her, but it would also tend to injure us in a very essential degree.

When I was on the coast I looked very anxiously for some pretty and curious present to take home to you, but the negroes are so stupidly savage and ignorant that they neither have anything or desire to possess anything worth having. The only thing that I saw that was worth having was an ugly wooden idol. I was almost tempted to knock the old darky priest on the head and run off with his ugly heathen god. I thought that it would make a very pretty parlor ornament, though it might frighten the children. If you would like to have one write to me and I will get one for you, who knows but that it might bring us all good luck. I could not find out his name, but suppose it must be "Vecuna," the god of idle persons, as these negroes excel in laziness above all people on the earth.

September 4.—To-day the first lieutenant, captain and I are all in a stew on account of the chronometer, which, after running remarkably well for I do not know how long, suddenly stopped. This deprives us in a measure of knowing our exact longitude. I had rather have my leg broken almost than that this should have happened, but I dare say it is all for the best, as the department have no business to send a ship to sea with only one chronometer and one sextant as they have done this vessel and many others.

I dare say that they will now see their error and furnish us with more of these useful articles. At any rate if the captain does not represent the circumstances he will be very wrong in not doing so. Whether he does or not I certainly intend to. We will be able, I think, to get a chronometer from the Decatur on our arrival at Porto Praya. Should we not we will have to run by dead reckoning and a bright lookout ahead.

September 7. We arrived at Port Grande and have been here two days waiting for the Porpoise and Decatur. We expect them every day, and the captain says he will wait here until they arrive, even if it is three or four weeks. I am very sorry for it, because the coast of Africa is a miserable place, yet these islands are not much better, in fact, just coming as we have from Maderia, the Cape de Verde Islands look a thousand times worse than they ever did. Nothing new has occurred here since we left. (I do not believe anything new ever did occur among them).

The governor of this island is an old commodore and would be a very excellent pedler if he had goods enough. Nevertheless he is a kind, good old man, who has, together with his perquisites and salary, only twenty-five cents a day for his support, and he has to take to trade in order to support himself. He once belonged to the Don Migrel party in Portugal, and had command of eight or ten ships, but with the defeat of Don Migrel he was involved in his master's misfortunes, only in a greater degree. All of us on board have felt sorry for the poverty of the old gentleman and in consequence the captain has patronized him as far as he could by purchasing fresh beef and vegetables for the brig. To-day the captain showed me a letter which he had written to the department about the chronometer. Although I am not accused of any neglect of duty, he entirely acquits me of it and rather compliments me, yet I fear that some of the misfortune will be attributed to my fault. If so I must make the most of it and endeavor to weather it as best I can. Should the department find fault with me I am very able to place the blame where it belongs, but am unwilling to enter into any controversy about it, further than reforming an abuse which I fear exists at the department. If the reformation comes through an investigation of my duties and the attention which I have paid to them, I will be very much gratified to find that the accident has happened, though it may be unfortunate for me yet. I am well satisfied that it will be for the good of the service, then I am content, though not only my feelings on the subject but those of every officer on board, who complain bitterly about the antiquated notions of certain old fogies in Washington who seem to wish to keep the service in the position in which they found it fifty years ago.

MANILA LONG AGO

Arkansas Democrat

Description of a Noted Place and People by a Midshipman on the Constitution.

May 19th 1898

FROM AN OLD LOG BOOK

Prophecy of Fifty Years Ago that the Enslaved Populace Would Sometime Rise in Rebellion.

The historic man-o'-war, Constitution, which bore an active and valiant part in the early naval warfare of our country, visited the city of Manila over fifty years ago on a peaceful mission, in command of Capt. John Percival. The log of its Pacific cruise records that the ship entered Manila bay September 12, 1845, and that the Spanish captain of the port visited the ship, also a French officer from the French frigate Sabine; saluted the Spanish flag with twenty-one guns, which was returned by the fort on shore.

The log-book of that cruise was kept by Midshipman W. P. Buckner, and is now a precious relic in the possession of Mrs. Priscilla A. Reardon, one of Little Rock's oldest and most esteemed residents, and a sister of Midshipman Buckner.

From the log is taken the following interesting description of the bay and city of Manila, which will be especially interetsing now on account of the great victory won there but recently by American arms:

"The city of Manila is situated on the southwest side of the island of Luzon or Luconia. It is said to contain about 90,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Indians and half-breeds. The city is built on an extensive flat and is surrounded by rice fields. The European city is on the south side of the river, and is walled in with a strong wall and encompassed on every side by a ditch about forty feet wide. The walls have many embrasures already filled with guns. No doubt many more are stored away in the arsenals. A river about 200 yards wide runs through the town; it has been walled up on each side for many miles—a beautiful and well-built bridge crosses the river about one mile from its mouth. The European city is well built and clean. Its houses are usually about two stories high, and are built of either stone or brick. The city is full of churches. Some of them have a very old look, and one or two were truly splendid, or rather grand, inside. A stranger would be (as I was) surprised at the number of priests who meet him in the streets. 'Tis said (and not much doubt of it either) that they are the smartest and most influential men in the place. They certainly are very polite men, and have a sort of bon-vivant look about them that speaks of something else but spiritual food. The town north of the river is not walled. It is very well built and is the business part of Manila. The streets are quite regular. The town is cut up in two or three directions by wide canals. These canals were no doubt dug to facilitate commerce, and also for defense. They are all crossed in many places by excellent stone bridges.

"There are many Chinese in Manila. They all keep little shops or stores in the principal streets. The cigar manufactories are well worth seeing. There are employed in Manila under one roof upwards of 7,000 girls—it is a beautiful sight—all busy, but still they find enough time to smile on a young stranger, to say "Buenos dias, senor," to a young man, or "Muchas gracias" to a compliment. Some of these girls are quite beautiful, and speak so softly and I for one delighted to listen to their voices. The Manila cheroots are nearly as good as the Havana segars. Some persons like them better. For my part I had rather smoke a cheroot made by the pretty Manila girls than the Havana made by African negroes, though the Havana may be the best.

"Manila bay is surrounded by high mountains. Many of them appear to be the craters of volcanoes. Shocks of earthquakes are sometimes felt in Manila. The bay is quite open and almost entirely free from dangers. There is good anchorage about three miles from the town, on muddy bottom. It does not require a pilot to enter the bay. Near the city are extensive fields of rice. The roads are in fine order and the views pretty and pleasant. Part of the Indian town is built of bamboo. The Indians appear to be a very ingenious race. They weave a kind of cloth from the fibres of the pineapple which is much finer than any silk. Everyone in Manila is a Christian. The Spaniards establish their religion as they conquer. The sword is of great use to some nations, for it is only by the sword that they can be civilized. The sword has converted more nations to a religion than persuasion. But still though these people have been converted by force, anyone can see the improvement of their country. 'Tis said, the population has doubled itself several times since the conquest. I have heard a great many persons speak against the Catholics for their intrigues with savage nations, but in this instance I must say that though they have enslaved the country, yet they have enriched it. I believe that this slavery of the people will break forth one day so that they will enjoy a free and perfect liberty, and by being civilized they will know how to appreciate it. There are in Manila about 3,000 troops, mostly natives. Manila is extremely well fortified and could make a stout defense if stout hearts held it. But the Spaniards now have a saying that it takes a Spaniard to build, a Frenchman to take, and an Englishman to keep their forts. The ditch is nearly filled up on the south side of the town. The ruins of the wall would enable a storming party to cross it. 'Tis said, though, that a golden key would unlock all the gates of Manila. There are two long moles built out into the sea; on one of them is a light-house; the other has a battery of long brass guns. Of an evening it is a pretty sight on the paphao. All the pretty Spanish girls can be seen about sundown there in their valantes. The band of the garrison (a splendid one) usually attends; in fact, from 4 p. m. till 10 at night is the stirring time of day, when everybody wishes to see and be seen.

"Manila city was founded in 1640. About fifteen miles above the city is a lake thirty miles across. It is surrounded by high mountains and bordered with Indian villages. The dress of the Indian girls is about half savage, half civilized. The skirts are worn loose from the body, and sometimes rather low for our modest notions. The men dress much like the Europeans. They wear hats, while the women never wear anything more than a handkerchief or veil over their heads. The island of Luzon is about 360 miles long. It is a rich and fertile island, producing for exportation tobacco, segars, hemp, sugar and rice." May 19, 1898

"CARDEN HAULED DOWN HIS COLORS, WHICH HAD BEEN HOISTED ON A SPAR AT THE STUMP OF THE MIZZENMAST."

THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "UNITED STATES" AND THE "MACEDONIAN," OCTOBER 25, 1812.—[See Page 1015.]

THE "WASP" AND THE "FROLIC."

BY JAMES BARNES.

JACOB JONES, of the United States Navy, was a native of Kent County, in the State of Delaware. He rose rapidly through the various grades of the service, attracting notice by his steadfastness and attention to duty, and in 1811 he was transferred to the command of the *Wasp*, a tidy sloop of war then mounting eighteen 24-pound carronades. She was a fast sailer, given any wind or weather.

In the spring of 1812 Captain Jones was despatched to England with communications to our minister at the Court of St. James. After fulfilling his mission he immediately set sail for America. The declaration of war between England and this country took place while the *Wasp* was on the high seas on her returning voyage; as soon as he had landed, the news greeted her commander, and he was eager to put to sea again.

Captain Jacob Jones knew his ship, he knew his crew, and he rejoiced in having about him a set of young officers devoted to the service. Their names were James Biddle, George W. Rogers, Benjamin W. Broth, Henry B. Rapp, and Lieutenants Knight and Claxton, and they were soon destined to win laurels and glory for their country.

The first short cruise yielded no adventure of importance, but on the 13th of October the *Wasp* left the Delaware and two days later encountered a heavy gale, during which her jib-boom was unfortunately carried away and two of her people lost overboard. For some hours she was thrown about like a shuttlecock, and all hands were called time and again to shorten sail. The night of the 17th the sky cleared and the stars shone brightly. To Captain Jones's surprise several sail were reported as being close at hand to the eastward. They were easily seen through the night-glass to be large and apparently armed. Jones stood straight for them, and gave orders to lay the same course that the strangers were then holding, and so they kept until dawn of the next day, which was a Sunday.

A heavy sea was running, and the *Wasp*, close-hauled, crept up to windward of the fleet that she had followed through the night. At the beginning of the early morning watch they were made out to be four large ships and two smaller vessels under a spread of canvas, all keeping close together.

But what was more interesting to the eager American crew was a sturdy sloop of war, a brig, that was edging up slowly into the wind, evidently guarding the six fleeing vessels to leeward—the sheep-dog of the flock.

The *Wasp*, having the weather-gage, swung off a point or so to lessen the distance.

As the stranger brig came nearer she heeled over until her broadside could be counted with the eye, and her lower sails were seen to be wet with the spray that dashed up over her bows.

For some time the Americans had been aloft getting down the top-gallant yards, and at eleven o'clock the brig shortened sail and shook out the Spanish flag. But this did not deceive the wary Yankee captain for one-half an instant. No one but an American or an Englishman would carry sail or bring his ship up like that, and the *Wasp's* drummer beat to quarters.

Now for over thirty minutes the two vessels sailed on side by side, but constantly nearing. At last they were so close that the buttons of the officers' coats could be seen. All doubt on board the *Wasp* of the other being anything but English was dispelled in a flash. The matches had been smoking for a full quarter of an hour.

When within near pistol-shot Captain Jones hailed through his trumpet. Down came the colors of Spain and up went the cross of St. George. The distance was scarce sixty yards, and as the flags exchanged the brig let go her broadside. A lucky incident occurred just then that probably saved many lives on board the *Wasp*. A sudden puff of wind heeled the enemy over as she fired, and her shot swept through the upper rigging and riddled the sails. Jones immediately replied with all his guns, that tore and hulled his antagonist with almost every shot, then, as fast as his crew could load and fire, he kept at it. Now and then the muzzles of his little broadside would sweep into the water, but those of the enemy, aimed high, were mangling the rigging and sweeping away braces, blocks, and running gear.

At the end of a hot five minutes there was a sharp crack aloft, and the maintopmast of the *Wasp* swayed and fell, bringing down the maintop-sail yard across the foretop-sail braces and rendering the head-sails unmanageable. Three minutes more and away went the gaff at the jaws, and the mizzen top-gallant sail fluttered to the deck like a huge wounded bird.

The American, slightly in advance, fell off her course and crossed her enemy's bows, firing and raking her at close range most fearfully. At once the fire of the Englishman slackened, and the *Wasp* drifted slowly back to her former position.

Both vessels were jumping so in the seaway that boarding would be attended by mutual danger. The enemy revived from the destructive broadside, fired a few more shots, and the last brace of the *Wasp* fell over her side, leaving the masts unsupported, and, badly wounded as they were, in a most critical condition.

"We must decide this matter at once," said Captain Jones, as he looked at the creaking spars, and he gave orders to wear ship. Slowly his vessel answered, and paying off, the collision followed. With a grinding jar the *Wasp* rubbed along the Englishman's bow, and the jib-boom of the latter, extending clear across the deck immediately over the American commander's head, fouled in the mizzen shrouds. It was not necessary to make her fast, and she lay so fair for raking that Jones gave orders for another broadside.

As the gunners of the *Wasp* threw out their rammers the ends touched the enemy's sides, and two 12-pounders went through the latter's bow-posts and swept the deck's length.

Jack Lange was an able American seaman who had once been impressed into the British service, and the excitement of the moment was too much for his feverish blood. Taking his cutlass in his teeth, he leaped atop a gun and laid hold of the enemy's nettings.

"Come out of that, sir! wait for orders!" roared Captain Jones, who wished to fire again.

But if Jack Lange heard he did not hesitate, and despite the command hauled himself alone over the bows. Some of the men left their guns at this and picked up pikes and boarding-axes.

Lieutenant Biddle glanced at his commander, the latter nodded grimly, and with a spring the lieutenant gained the hammock cloth and reached up for the ropes overhead. The vessels lurched and one of his feet caught in a tangle, from which he vainly tried to free himself.

Little Midshipman Baker, who was too short to make a reach of it, thought he saw his chance, and laying hold of Lieutenant Biddle's coat tails in his eagerness, tried to swarm up his superior's legs. The result was, however, that both fell back on the rail and came within an ace of pitching overboard into the sea. Jumping up quickly, Lieutenant Biddle took advantage of a heave of the *Wasp* and scrambled over the enemy's bowsprit and on to the forecastle.

There stood Jack Lange, with his cutlass in his folded arms, gazing at a wondrous sight. Not a living soul was on the deck but a wounded man at the wheel and three officers huddled near the taffrail. But the colors were still whipping and snapping overhead, and two or three more of the *Wasp's* boarders tumbling on board, the little party, headed by Biddle, made their way aft. Immediately the officers, two of whom were wounded, threw down their swords, and one of them leaned forward and hid his face in his hands.

The young lieutenant jumped into the rigging and hauled down the flag. It was almost beyond belief that such carnage and complete destruction could have taken place in a time so short. But a small proportion of the crew had escaped. The wounded and dying lay everywhere, the berth-deck was crowded, and not enough of the living to minister to their comrades. H.M.S. *Frolic* was a charnel-ship.

The *Wasp's* crew brought on board all their blankets, and the American surgeon's mate was soon busy attending to the wounded.

With great difficulty the two vessels were separated, for the *Frolic* had locked her antagonist as it were in a dying embrace, and no sooner were they clear when both of the prize's masts fell (one bringing down the other), covering the dead and wounded, and hampering all the efforts of Lieutenant Biddle and his crew to clear the decks.

All this time three great white topsails had been pushing up above the horizon, and soon it was made out that a large ship of some kind was bearing down, carrying all the canvas she safely could in the sharp blow.

Jones, thinking that it might be one of the convoy returning to seek the *Frolic*, called his tired crew to quarters, instructing Lieutenant Biddle to fit a jury rig and to make with his charge for some Southern port. It was with this very squadron (that was stronger than our whole navy at the time), and among the first of the pursuers, was the *Guerrière*, 38, under the command of Captain James Richard Dacres, who was soon to be a guest on board the ship he had so longed to meet.

The twenty-four hours of the 19th of August began with light breezes that freshened as the morning wore on. The *Constitution* was slipping southward through the long rolling seas. Her cruise since she had left Boston, two weeks before, had been uneventful. Vainly had she sought from Cape Sable to the region of Halifax, from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for any sign of a foe worthy her metal. It was getting on towards two o'clock, her men had finished their mid-day meal, the afternoon drills had not begun, and an observation showed the ship to be in latitude 41° 40′ and longitude 55° 48′. Suddenly "Sail ho!" from the mast-head stirred the groups on the forecastle, and caused the officer pacing the weather side of the quarter-deck to stop suddenly and raise his head.

"Where away?" he shouted to the voice far up above the booming sails.

Almost before he could get the answer the stranger's top-sails were visible from the lower rigging, into which the midshipmen and idlers had scrambled, and a few moments later they could be seen from the upper deck. She was too far off to show her character, but bore E.S.E., a faint dot against the wide horizon.

Hull came immediately from his cabin. He was a large fat man whose excitable temperament was held in strong control. His eye gleamed when he saw the distant speck of white. Immediately the *Constitution's* course was altered, and with her light sails set she was running free, with kites all drawing, and the chase looming clearer and clearer each anxious minute of the time. At three o'clock it was plainly seen that she was a large ship, on the starboard tack, close-hauled on the wind, and under easy sail. In half an hour her ports could be descried through the glass, and loud murmurs of satisfaction ran through the ship's company. The officers smiled congratulations at one another, and Hull's broad face shone with his suppressed emotion. In his official account Hull speaks of the conduct of [illegible] the fight in the following words: "It gives me great pleasure to say that from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen. They went into action giving three cheers, and requesting to be laid close to the enemy." Every minute now the *Constitution* gained on the stranger, who held her course, as if entirely oblivious of her pursuer's presence.

When within three miles, and to leeward, Hull shortened sail and cleared the decks; the drum beat to quarters, and the men sprang to their stations. No crew was ever better prepared to do battle for any cause or country. Although few of them had ever been in action before, they had been drilled until they had the handling of the clumsy iron guns down to the point of excellence. They had been taught to fire on the falling of a sea and to hull their opponent, if possible, at every shot. They loved and trusted their commander, were proud of their ship, and burned to avenge the wrongs to which many had been subjected, for the merchant service had furnished almost half their number.

As soon as Hull took in his sail the stranger backed her own main-topsail yard, came up into the wind, and waited. Then it could be seen that her men were all at quarters also. Hull raised his flag. Immediately in response up went to every mast-head of the waiting ship the red cross of old England. It was growing late in the afternoon, the breeze had freshened, and the white-caps had begun to jump on every side. The crew of the *Constitution* broke into three ringing cheers as their grand old craft bore down upon the enemy. When almost within range the English let go her broadside, filled away, wore ship, and fired her other broadside on the other tack. The shot fell short, and the *Constitution* reserved her fire. For three-quarters of an hour the two yawed about and manœuvred, trying to rake and to avoid being raked in turn. Occasionally the *Constitution* fired a gun; her men were white with impatience. At six in the evening the enemy, seeing all attempts to outsail her antagonist were in vain, showed a brave indication of wishing to close and fight. Nearer the two approached, the American in silence.

"Shall I fire?" inquired Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command.

"Not yet," replied Hull, quietly.

The bows of the *Constitution* began to double the quarter of the enemy. The latter's shot began to start the sharp white splinters flying about *Constitution's* decks.

"Shall I fire?" again asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet, sir," was Hull's answer, spoken almost beneath his breath. Suddenly he bent forward. "Now, boys," he shouted loudly, so that his voice rang above the enemy's shots and the roaring of the seas under the quarter, 'pour it into them!" It was at this point, so the story goes, that Hull, crouching in his excitement, split his tight knee-breeches from waistband to buckle.

The *Constitution's* guns were double-shotted with round and grape. The broadside was as one single explosion, and the destruction was terrific. The enemy's decks were flooded and the blood ran out of the scuppers — her cockpit filled with the wounded. For a few minutes, shrouded in smoke, they fought at the distance of a half pistol-shot, but in that short space of time the Englishman was literally torn to pieces in hull, spars, sails, and rigging.

THE "WASP" FELL OFF HER COURSE AND CROSSED HER ENEMY'S BOWS, FIRING AND RAKING HER AT CLOSE RANGE.
From the Painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK," FEBRUARY 24, 1813.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK."

BY JAMES BARNES.

Feb. 24, 1813

AFTER Commodore Bainbridge sailed southward from Bahia on the cruise in which he fell in with and captured his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, Captain Lawrence, of the United States sloop *Hornet*, had hoped to coax the *Bonne Citoyenne*, the English armed ship he was blockading, to leave the safe moorings which she kept so closely in the harbor of San Salvador. Captain Lawrence prayed each day that she might venture out and give his gunners a mark worthy of their metal. One morning, as the little *Hornet* was lifting and tugging at her anchor in the rough water at the entrance to the outer harbor, keeping a watchful eye on the spars of the *Bonne Citoyenne* and on those of another British packet of twelve guns that lay well inshore, a huge cloud of canvas came in sight to the eastward. Spar and sail she rose out of the horizon sky, until it was plainly seen that she was a line-of-battle ship flying the English flag. The *Montagu* (74) had heard the news of the *Bonne Citoyenne's* plight, word having been brought to her as she lay in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Immediately she had set sail for San Salvador to raise the blockade. Reluctantly Captain Lawrence, on sight of her, got up his anchor and slipped into the harbor. He did not stay there long, however, and after tacking about some time, escaped to sea that same night at nine o'clock. There were no ships of the line in the American navy at that time, and, perforce, the only thing left for any of our cruisers to do was to give those of the enemy the widest berth. So Lawrence, in the *Hornet*, shifted his cruising-grounds and went out into blue water. On the 4th of February, 1813, he captured the British brig *Resolution*, of 10 guns, and not caring to man her, he took out $23,000 in specie and set her on fire. Then for over a week the *Hornet* cruised to and fro off the coast of Maranham without sighting a single sail. On the 22d of February Lawrence stood for Demerara, and on the 24th he discovered a brig off to leeward. At once he gave chase, but running into shallow water, and having no pilot, he had to haul off shore, much to his disgust, as the other vessel made her way in near the mouth of the Demerara River, and anchored close to a small fort about two and a half leagues from the outer bar, where the *Hornet* had been forced to come about. As the latter had done so, however, her lookout had discovered a vessel at anchor half-way in towards the shore. A peep through the glass showed her to be a brig of war with the English colors flying. Captain Lawrence determined to get at her; but to do this he had to beat to windward to avoid a wide shoal on which the waves were breaking furiously. At 3 P.M., as he had about made up his mind that the vessel at anchor and the *Hornet* were surely to try conclusions, Lawrence discovered another sail on his weather-quarter and edging down toward him. In a few minutes over an hour the new-comer hoisted English colors also, and was seen to be a large man-o'-war brig. The *Hornet* cleared for action. As was usual in all naval actions when the wind was the sole motive power, both vessels manœuvred for a time, the *Hornet* trying to win the advantage of the weather-gage from her antagonist. But to do his best Lawrence could not get it until another hour had passed; then finding that the *Hornet* was a better sailer than the English brig, he came about. The two vessels passed each other on different tacks at the distance of a few hundred feet—half pistol-shot.

Up to this time not a gun had been fired in the affair. But as they came abreast they exchanged broadsides, the Englishman going high, but the *Hornet's* round and grape playing havoc with the enemy's lower rigging. The brig held on for a few minutes, and then Lawrence discovered her to be in the act of wearing. He seized his opportunity, bore up, and receiving the starboard broadside, which did him little damage, he took a position close under the brig's starboard quarter. So well directed was the vicious fire that was now poured into the English vessel that in less than fifteen minutes down came her flag. No sooner had it reached the deck, however, when another crawled up in the fore-rigging. It was an ensign union down; the brig was sinking. The sea was heavy, and before a boat could be lowered, down came the Englishman's mainmast. Lieutenant Shubrick, who had been on the *Constitution* when she captured the *Guerrière* and the *Java*, put out in one of the *Hornet's* boats, and soon reached the captured vessel's side, and found that she was H.B.M. brig *Peacock*, 22 guns, commanded by Captain William Peake, who had been killed by the last broadside from the *Hornet*. There was not one moment to lose; six feet of water were in the hold, and the *Peacock's* decks were crowded with dead and wounded. She was settling fast. Her anchor was let go, and the *Hornet* coming up, let go hers also close alongside. Every endeavor was now made to save life; the men who a few minutes before had been fighting one another pulled on the same rope together and manned the same boats. The *Peacock's* guns were thrown overboard; such shot-holes as could be got at were plugged; but the water gained despite the furious men at the pumps, and the bailing at the hatchways. The *Peacock* was doomed. The body of Captain Peake was carried into his cabin and covered with the flag he had died so bravely defending, to sink with her—"a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor." All but some of the slightly wounded had been removed, and there remained but a boat-load more to take off the lurching wreck, when she suddenly pitched forward and sank in five and a half fathoms, carrying down with her thirteen of her own crew and three American seamen—John Hart, Joseph Williams, and Hannibal Boyd. Fine old down-East names, mark you. A small boat belonging to the *Peacock* broke away with four of her crew in it before the vessel sank. They probably tried to make their escape to land. In writing about this little episode afterwards, Lawrence says, "I sincerely hope they reached the shore; but from the heavy sea running at the time, the shattered state of the boat, and the difficulty of landing on the coast, I am fearful they were lost." Captain Lawrence's treatment of his prisoners was such as uniformly characterized the officers of our navy, "who won by their magnanimity those whom they had conquered by their valor."

The loss on board the *Hornet*, outside of the three seamen drowned, was trifling—one man killed and three wounded, two by the explosion of a cartridge. The vessel received little or no damage. All the time that the action was being fought the other brig lay in full sight, about six miles off (she proved afterwards to have been *L'Espiègle*, of 16 guns), but she showed no desire to enter into the conflict. Thinking that she might wish to meet the *Hornet* later, Lawrence made every exertion to prepare his ship for a second action, and by nine o'clock a new set of sails was bent, wounded spars secured, boats stowed away, and the *Hornet* was ready to fight again. At 2 A.M. she got under way, and stood to the westward and northward under easy sail.

On mustering the next morning it was found that there were 277 souls on board, including the crew of the American brig *Hunter*, of Portland, Maine, captured by the *Peacock* a few days before. The latter was one of the finest vessels of her class in the English navy; she was broader by five inches than the *Hornet*, but not so long by four feet. Her tonnage must have been about the same. Her crew consisted of 130 men.

To quote from an account of the times which describes the return of the victorious *Hornet* to the United States: "The officers of the *Peacock* were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence that on their arrival at New York they made grateful acknowledgment of it in the papers. To use their own phrase, 'They ceased to consider themselves prisoners.' Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honor of the brave tars of the *Hornet*. Finding that the crew of the *Peacock* had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of their vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own chest supplied each man with two shirts and a blue jacket and trousers. Such may rough sailors be made when they have before them the example of high-minded men."

It was not long before poor Lawrence was to be borne on the shoulders of his enemies and laid to rest, with all honors, in a foreign soil, a return of the courtesy he had extended to all those whom the fortunes of war had placed under his care and keeping.

"SUDDENLY THE ENGLISHMAN CHANGED HIS COURSE, SQUARED HIS YARDS, AND CROSSED DECATUR'S BOWS."

A SEA YARN.

Old "Mad Jack" Brought His Rebellious Middies to Time.

From the Detroit Journal.

Old sailors will remember Capt. Percival, known in our Navy before the war as "Mad Jack." Capt. Percival was a consummate sailor, and as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Although noted for his eccentricity, he was admired for his ability and determination.

When Mad Jack commanded a sloop-of-war on the Honolulu station just before our civil war, a number of midshipmen and petty officers incurred his displeasure by some riotous conduct ashore. Calling the delinquents before him the captain administered a severe rebuke, and swore a mighty oath that not on of them should put foot again on shore during the cruise. The lads were rather inclined to laugh in their sleeves at getting off so cheaply, for the cruise was nearly up, and they were daily expecting "orders for home." But the business became serious when, soon after news arrived of a diplomatic row or a case of oppression somewhere (we won't be too particular in the details), and the vessel received orders to sail in that direction and prolong her cruise for several months. The —— sailed for her destination, touching at several fine ports, and affording frequent opportunities to the senior officers and crew to indulge themselves ashore; but the midshipmen, with daily lengthened visages, were confined to the ship.

Finally the —— dropped anchor in a port famed for its lively society, its lovely women, the beauty of its natural position, its walks, its drives, and the brilliancy of its places of amusement—in fact, the paradise of a naval officer. Here it was announced they were to remain some three months. All hands were rejoiced, except the midshipmen, who, as the days and weeks passed away and no permission reached them to go ashore, suffered all the horrors of Tantalus. The ship had been some two months in port when their sufferings reached the culminating point, and they held a meeting to discuss their condition. They argued that when their punishment was pronounced this prolongation of the voyage was not anticipated, and as they had already been sufficiently punished by confinement on board when in port for a long period, surely Mad Jack would, on proper representation of the facts, relax his iron discipline in their behalf and annul the sentence against them. So it was resolved that they should proceed in a body to the captain and ask permission to go ashore. A spokesman was chosen, and they advanced, caps in hand, a melancholy procession, to the captain's cabin, and before that potentate they feelingly represented the hardship of their case, announced their deep contrition for past offenses, and wound up by a request to be allowed to go ashore.

"So, so! young gentlemen—want to go ashore, do you?"

"Why, yes, sir; we thought——"

"Humph! Yes! Well, I expected an application of this sort; but I'm afraid you'll misbehave yourselves."

"Oh, no, indeed, sir; we'll be very circumspect."

"And you won't get drunk?"

"Oh, no, sir! we won't drink a drop."

"And you won't go to any dance-houses or low theaters, or anything of that sort?"

"Certainly not, sir; we'll seek the very best society we can find."

"Yes, yes! humph! It might improve your health, too, you are looking rather thin; but I trust I shall hear no bad reports of your conduct."

"You will not, indeed, sir."

"And you will be on board the ship again at an early hour?"

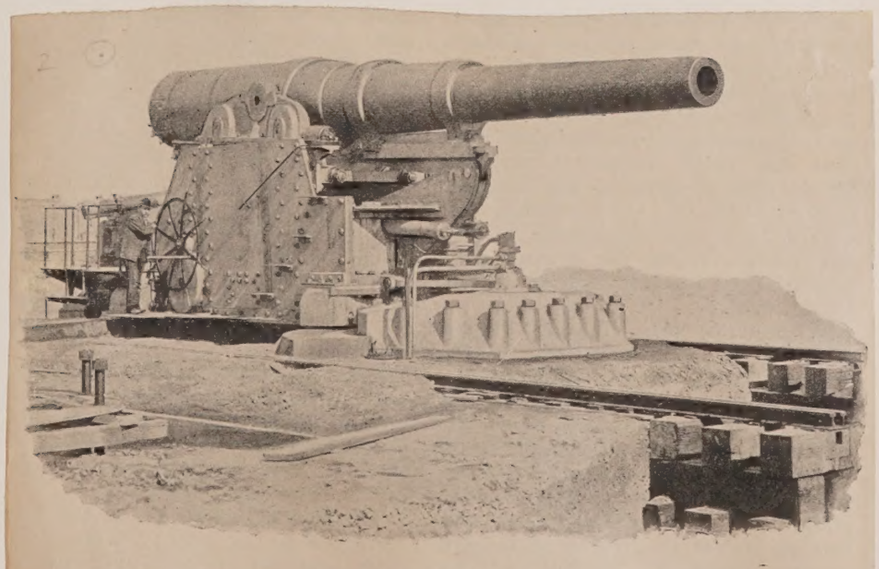
"Oh, yes, sir! we will be very punctual to any hour that you may fix."

"Humph! Yes! Well, young gentlemen, you can't go!"

THE "ESSEX" ATTACKED BY THE "PHŒBE" AND "CHERUB" OFF THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO, MARCH 28, 1814.
From the Painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE LOSS OF THE "ESSEX."

BY JAMES BARNES.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED GUN MOUNTED ON MINIMUM PORT CASEMATE CARRIAGE.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE." — FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE history of the naval combats of our second war with Great Britain, the career of the frigate *Constitution*, and the deeds of our Yankee commodores will never be forgotten as long as we have a navy or continue to be a nation. England, it must be remembered, had held the seas for centuries. In no combat between single ships (when the forces were anything like equal) had she lost a vessel. The French fleets, under orders of their own government, ran away from hers, and the Spanish captains had allowed their ships' timbers to rot for years in blockaded harbors. Nevertheless, this was the age of honor, of gallantry, of the stiff duelling code, when men bowed, passed compliments, and fought one another to death with a parade of courtesy that has left traces to-day in the conduct of the intercourse between all naval officers. To the duels of the ships in the past the brave service the naval world America has records that are monuments to her seamen, and that must arouse the pride of every officer who sails in her great steel cruisers.

Up to the affair of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, in 1812, the British had not tested in battle the seamanship or naval metal of their American opponents. With the exception of the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the war of '76 was a repelled invasion. Ever since the opening of the century, British men-of-war, conscious of their power and prestige, had insulted our merchant-vessels and even the ships of our little navy time after time. Following their declaration of the "Right of Search," they overhauled the merchantmen, and continually impressed American seamen into the service of King George. On the 22nd June, 1807, H. M. S. *Leopard*, under this insolent and infamous assumption, even waylaid and fired a broadside into our frigate *Chesapeake* (the luckless *Chesapeake*), who, totally unprepared for action, hauled down her flag after losing three men killed and eighteen wounded. She was searched, and four of her seamen were impressed into the hated navy of Great Britain. America and England were then at peace, and the latter disavowed the action of Admiral Berkeley, the British commander, and for a time suspended him; but in the words of a writer then living, "they soon after appointed him to a more important command"—an evidence of the real attitude of their government.

Four years later came the affair of the U. S. S. *President* and the *Little Belt*. This, however, had a different sequel. Not deigning to answer a hail, the rash English captain even dared to fire at the larger American, whereupon he was promptly blown nearly out of the water, an event which probably surprised him not a little. It was now apparent that war was soon to follow; the short-sighted "gunboat policy" of Mr. Jefferson was abandoned, and the hammers began to ring in our scattered navy-yards. At this time we had but five vessels of any description in commission—the *President*, 44 guns; the *United States*, 44 guns; the *Constitution*, 44; the *Essex*, 32; and the *Congress*, 36. Every one of these, commanded by men who, like Stevenson's "British Admirals," "courted war like a mistress," was destined to win fame and glory for America, and bring captive into American ports ships of equal strength that had flown the hitherto unconquered standard of St. George. The British navy at this time consisted of about one thousand sail, of which two hundred and eighty-three were of the line. War was declared by Congress against Great Britain on the 18th June, 1812. A few days after this the *Belvidera*, one of his Majesty's ships cruising in our waters, refused to give combat to the *President*, throwing away her anchors, stoving her boats and water casks to help her flight, and escaping under a press of sail after a running combat of two hours at a range too long for vital execution.

This short résumé brings us down to the 19th of August, eighty-two years ago, when took place the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the first frigate action of the war of 1812.

A month before this date the *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore Hull, had made her wonderful escape from Broke's squadron after a chase of over sixty hours,